

# Men in adventure

**GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!**

Some really terrific shots  
of Margaret, Kay, Jackie  
and Judy!

*Don't Miss*  
**RED RAPE**  
of the  
**CHINESE**  
**GIRL**  
**GUERRILLAS**

JUNE • 35¢ • K

*Best  
Issue  
Yet!*

**THE GIRL WHO LIVED WITH SEX  
SADISTS!** a prostitute's own story... **ALL TRUE**



**Wanna go  
BED  
HOPPING?  
the sport  
of  
"WOLVES"**  
A FULL  
BLOWN  
EXPOSE



**WAR AND WOMEN  
WERE ALL HE CARED ABOUT!**

"This guy loved the wild life!"

# Tired of Being 'SKINNY'?

DRINK ON POUNDS OF WEIGHT FAST

—THE FUN WAY!



## Gains of up to a Pound-A-Day proven by thousands

It's Here! It's Delicious! The new taste sensation "CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN PLAN" helps you drink on pounds...Up to A-POUND-A-DAY while you rest...Relax...watch TV. See measurable gains instantly and say goodbye to your skinny, undesirable String-bean body. NOW!

### HERE'S LIVING PROOF IT WORKS—FAST!

USED WITH BAKING POWDER BY THOUSANDS OF THOUSANDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FOR MORE THAN 7 YEARS! NOW, YOU TOO CAN TAKE THIS GUARANTEED WAY TO BUILD UP YOUR CALORIC INTAKE FOR FAST AND SUBSTANTIAL WEIGHT GAINS!

#### gains 18 pounds in 14 days!

The "before" photo shows how Larry Chermak looked without the added weight he needed to build. The "after" photo shows Larry 14 days after he started the Crash-Weight Plan and gained 18 pounds. He writes: "What more could a guy ask for? All I did was add 4 glasses of Crash-Weight Formula to my regular meals, follow Joe Weider's Plan and I gained a tremendous 18 pounds in two weeks!"

#### SHOULDN'T THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?

#### gains 14 pounds in 14 days!

James Parker of Ft. Worth, Texas writes: "It's Fantastic—I went from 158 to 172 pounds in 14 days. Gained 14 pounds in 14 days and added 2 inches to my chest. I'm more than satisfied!"

#### WHY NOT YOU?



### THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GAIN-A-POUND-A-DAY KIT!

This is a 1-gal supply of Crash-Weight Formula. You can make the weight-gaining cocktail!



You want to gain a pound a day? Well, it's a good idea! Why not just want to add a few pounds here and there? You want it easily, conveniently, without starving yourself and counting calories?

#### NOW YOU CAN

### It's simply wild...AND IT WORKS!

You too can follow this amazing Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan and drink on as much as a pound a day...to help flesh out your bones, fill out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms, and spindly legs. Skinny people are undesirable...they look sickly. Say goodbye to your string-bean looks with this sensational new plan—NOW! No more blasting yourself with rich, heavy foods to force-feed calories into your system. No anorectic, complicated exercises. Just drink 4 delicious glasses of natural organic Crash-Weight Formula #7 daily in addition to your regular meals. Include Crash-Weight #7 Plan as a member to the free booklet and you can drink as often as you like. Multiple servings form mixed with usual household food ingredients up to 1500 calories along with your regular calorie intake. Then, take it easy, while you relax, snooze or watch TV...this calorie-packed weight-gaining drink and the Formula #7 Plan does all the work, doing as weight for you.

### ● MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ●

Use the no-risk coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back!

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COUPON!

I JOE WEIDER with over 2,000,000 successful students 801-32nd Street (Q-1) 157-68K4

Bellevue City, M. J. 67667

Dear Joe,

I want to join the WEIGHT-GAIN PLAN. Enclosed for your Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan which I have checked below. I understand your Money Back Guarantee applies only if I enter my Plan through this coupon!

#### Check one of the Plans below:

- ☐ 7-Day Supply of Crash-Weight #7 Plan, \$ 7.50  
☐ 14-Day Supply of Crash-Weight #7 Plan, \$14.95  
☐ Check (over desired) ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

JOIN THE WEIGHT GAINABLES! DRINK ON NEW POUNDS—FAST! SAFELY!

# ELECTRICITY

## EARN as you LEARN— In Your Spare Time at Home

This is a "Push Button Age"—everything is becoming automatic—men with Electrical "Know How To" are needed everywhere—and will always be needed.

### HERE IS MY OFFER

If you want to increase your income—by having a part or full time business of your own—or a big paying career job in Electricity—I will send you everything you need to get started NOW

### 17 BIG TRAINING KITS

Professional trouble shooting electronic equipment—quickly locate electrical problems (shorts, open, power failures, etc.); professional electric repair tools; audio recordings that bring the instructors' voices into your home, making things easy to understand; thousands of exploded views, photographs and drawings showing how parts fit together, how buildings and electrical equipment are wired—charts telling you how to fix things quickly, correctly—ALL ARE SENT TO YOU.

### REPAIR ALL APPLIANCES

ATS (Advance Trades School) training is complete training, is easy training, is approved training. You learn how to fix irons, toasters, coffee makers, washing machines, refrigerators, air conditioners, etc. There are over 400 million appliances in use. Over 160 different appliances! ALL eventually need servicing and repair. ATS shows you how to fix all of them! 1. Hundreds of my students, the country over, in cities and small towns alike, have reported earnings of \$15, \$25, \$50 and even more per week while training. Would you like to do the same?

### INDUSTRY NEEDS MEN

who can service electric equipment. Top wages are paid to Electrical Maintenance Men, Electric Technicians, Plant Engineers, Electric Construction Men, etc. ATS trains you quickly, trains you well. ATS has an agency to place you in the industry. You get practical training, actually do 13 shop projects in your own home. Many ATS graduates hold "key" positions in industry. Start your training NOW.

### MOTOR REWINDING

Business today have ten, fifteen or more machines. Electric showers, washing machines, food mixers, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, power tools, to name but a few. Without expert technicians much not operate. ATS teaches you to put machines in good repair—so you can build your own reputation and bring every man as part of your training program. You learn with ATS by working with your hands. You make and keep valuable training equipment.

### LEARN WIRING

You learn how to completely wire an entire house, garage, hotel and factory—your lighting and power equipment. There are no half ways with ATS training.

### NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

ATS shows you how, gives you the equipment to do it. Your own kitchen table can be where you first "put up shop." ATS men are naturally concerned by wholesale supplying of parts and materials. We show you how to get repair business, how to charge for and profitable grow for your work. ATS keeps graduates informed as new appliances, improved electrical techniques develop. It is a regular part of the continuing ATS training program and why ATS training is preferred by so many. You owe it to yourself to investigate the complete ATS Electrical Training Program.

## FREE

36 page book

Approved for Veterans under new G. I. Bill.  
G. I. Approved for men who served since January 31, 1938 or are now in service



## MAIL COUPON FREE BOOK

No Cost or Obligation

## ELECTRIC APPLIANCE REPAIR

### Industry Pays Trained Electricians Top Wages

Some of the  
Equipment I send  
YOU



### LET ATS MEN TELL YOU IN THEIR OWN WORDS

"Earning \$50.00 more weekly. Made over \$1,000 while training." G. Har son, 21, Chicago, Ill.

"Found the greatest—worker to become a electrical manager." J. Switzer, Chicago, Ill.

"My work plus up and I get behind with my studies." M. Bink, Sr., St. Louis, Mo.

"I do new maintenance men at a large hotel at a much higher salary." J. Martin, Kansas City, Mo.

"I liked it very much. I started with the State Highway Dept. as electrical maintenance." C. Deibel, Phoenix, Ariz.

"Should have been your owner 20 years ago." A. Rossi, Chicago, Ill.

"Great maintenance man now at double my former income besides having a

profitable sideline business." E. DeWitt, Missouri, Ill.

"One job more than paid for the training." C. Fisher, Chicago, Ill.

"Found \$23.00 hour mechanics." "New Head Maintenance man at Harwood's Restaurant—wages are nearly \$750.00 a week." C. Fiedler, Tulsa, Okla., Mo.

"Not a high school graduate but I find the income easy to understand." W. Weil, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Until my disability I was a tool maker. Now income is a new life in me." W. Hocking, Kalamazoo, Mich.

"\$1,000 Christmas for my family. Got everything we wanted. Will now return to my studies." G. Reinhardt, Two Rivers, Mich.

### ADD TO YOUR INCOME—MAIL TODAY

S. T. Christmann, President  
Advance Trades School  
5944 N. Newark Ave., Chicago, Ill. 40622

E-157

Send me your FREE BOOK "Earnings by Electricity." I want to add to my income.

Name

Age

Address

City

State

Zip

☐ Check here for facts on New G. I. Bill.

# Men in Adventure

JUNE

1968

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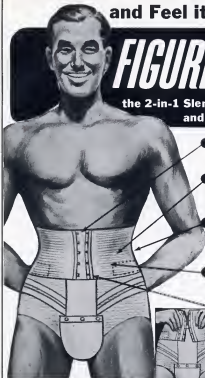


# LOOK LIKE A MILLION BUCKS

and Feel it! With all-new...

# FIGURE SLIMMER

the 2-in-1 Slenderizer that Slims Abdomen and Waist at the SAME TIME!



Now reduce that waist and abdominal bulging look instantly. Figure Slimmer pushes back in the droopy bulging abdominal protuberance and lets you take in your waistline and do away with flabby midriff look instantly. Look at the picture and see how it works.

## Slenderizes Both Abdomen and Waist

Figure Slimmer corrects the faults of other garments. Some hold in the stomach but push out the waist. Figure Slimmer slenderizes both the waist and abdominal appearance at the same time. You will look inches slimmer and feel wonderful.

## Holds Back Together

Figure Slimmer is wonderful for that falling-apart feeling. It's firm, gentle compressing action makes you feel good and secure and enables you to continue to do your daily work feeling less tired, legs broken down. Send for Figure Slimmer now and begin enjoying a figure-slimmered appearance at once.

## Appear Inches Slimmer—Look Better

Don't let a heavy weighing-down "corset" and a balloon waistline get you down. Figure Slimmer flattens your front and takes in inches of your appearance. Clothes will look well on you now!

## Adjustable

Figure Slimmer's adjustable feature makes it easy for you to have a small waist-line look. Trousers now look good and fit swell. You can take yourself in more inches if you wish, with this novel adjustable feature.

Only  
**\$349**  
COMPLETE  
WITH  
LACER  
PIECE



## MAIL COUPON TODAY

WARD GREEN COMPANY, Dept. FS-1224  
43 W. 61st St., New York, N.Y. 10023

Gentlemen:

Rush for ten days approval the new Figure Slimmer. After wearing for ten days I can return it for full refund of purchase price if not completely satisfied with results.

Check one:

- ☐ Send C.O.D. and I will pay postman plus postage.  
☐ I enclose \$3.49. Send it prepaid. (\$3.98 for waist sizes 46 and up. EXTRA crease piece—\$5.00 ea.

My waist measure is \_\_\_\_\_ inches

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

## WITHOUT FIGURE SLIMMER

Abdomen bulges out. Back sags down and is. Body sags considerably, uncomfortably. Result? You look and feel so if you are telling apart.

## WITH FIGURE SLIMMER

Abdomen is lifted up and is. The brazen water, deeper. No more falling-apart feeling because back is broad. You look and feel slimmer—clothes fit better.

## TRY 10 DAYS SEND NO MONEY

You need risk no money to try Figure Slimmer. Just fill out the coupon and we will rush you the Figure Slimmer by return mail. Wear it two days. Then if you are not satisfied with the results you had expected, return it and the full purchase price will be refunded. Mail coupon now. Only \$3.49 for waist sizes up to 46. \$3.98 for waist sizes 48 and up. An extra crease patch piece.



# MARGARET MIDDLETON



Seeing isn't believing!



**Invest an hour a day  
to take home up to \$50 extra a week**



**...and get**

**FREE SHOES  
FOR LIFE, too!**

**When you accept as few as 5 orders a month as  
a Mason Shoe Counselor in your neighborhood.**

**N**ow you can enjoy an EXTRA payday every week and get FREE SHOES for life as well... just for showing folks wonderful Mason Shoes. Many a man sells 2 to 6 pairs of Mason Shoes after supper alone... and takes home \$5 to \$20 or more extra. Here's how: The 61-year-old Mason Shoe Manufacturing Company will set you up in a profitable "shoe store business." You need no experience... don't invest a cent!

#### **Here's Why You'll Make Money!**

It's easy because you show nationally advertised footwear that EVERYBODY needs. Our stock of 300,000 pairs of men's and women's dress, work, sport shoes—with sizes ranging from 4 to 16, widths from AAA to EEEE—gives you a bigger selection than any store in town! In no time at all, you can earn \$50, \$75, \$100 or more a week... and

#### **GET FREE SHOES FOR LIFE**

That's right—you're entitled to receive FREE SHOES every

six months... when you send us few as 5 orders a month. These FREE shoes are an extra bonus in addition to your big cash commissions. You choose any shoe in the Mason line... for yourself and your family.

#### **Don't Invest a Cent!**

#### **We Give You Sales Equipment Absolutely FREE**

You show famous Mason Air-Cushion shoes—good-looking footwear in the latest styles—a line that's far beyond the reach of competition. That's why everybody is your prospect. Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll rush you our free "Starting Business Outfit!" Send no money now or later. Act today!

#### **RUSH COUPON FOR YOUR FREE OUTFIT!**

Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. G-867  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please show me how I can make an extra \$50 a week in spare time—and get FREE SHOES for Life! Rush me—FREE and without obligation—everything I need to start making BIG MONEY in my very first spare hour.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

(If known) C-78

**MURRIS "DREAM HOUSE":** "I have built a lot of over 400 satisfied customers. The 'shoe' profits derived from my shoe sales have made possible building my dream house. Selling Mason Shoes in my spare time not only helped me get this house, but made possible meeting a lot of people who will be my friends for life." Leo Lomender, Mich.

**ONE CALL—\$14.75 PROFIT!** "My second day out, I sold 6 pairs of shoes to one man in 1½ hours for a profit of \$14.75. He told me he wanted shoes, but wanted his wife to see them. I called at his home the next day and sold him 2 pairs and his wife 2 pairs also, for a \$76.00 sale." Charles Reuter, Calif.

**Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.** Dept. G-867  
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

**F**AR too much guess work, semi-mentality, legend, taboo and wisdom have been confused with our understanding of the real meaning of the "promiscuity urge" in both male and female "wolves." Even the welcome coming of Freud and his disciples with their sharper psychological scalpels has not fully clarified the subject. The Kinsey Report has been a real help, but a thoroughly intimate survey of this topic, especially, has long been due. Several interesting ones have been made in recent years.

The San Francisco Psychiatric clinic in 1945 made a special study of clinic patients—365 women and 255 men—to probe deeper into the motivation for promiscuity. Since a real need is more knowledge as to the motivation of women, it is very enlightening to find this study concluding that, "Contrary to popular belief, no evidence was revealed to indicate that this problem is produced by above-average sex-drive. In fact, the majority of habitually promiscuous women patients used promiscuity in an attempt to meet other problems rather than to secure sexual satisfaction."

Ernest S. Smith's study of adolescent unmarried mothers also reported that these girls tended to come from unhappy homes where their parents were not

affectionate; and sociologists are now pretty thoroughly agreed that immature and un-social feminine personalities are the ones who go in for promiscuity.

In the case of men, the American Social Hygiene Association's Dr. Safer found also that promiscuity was "a problem in interpersonal relationships, an attempt to solve other problems, conflicts, inadequacies, personality disorganization—with incapacity or impairment of capacity for sustained love relationship, or an active hostility to women."

Thus, in both promiscuous men or women, it is authentically reported that it is not based on greater than average sex drive. This was illustrated to me when I was a newspaper man years ago reporting a drive to clear out the "red light" districts. I interviewed a number of prostitutes and "easy girls" in the course of our crusade, and I encountered very real evidence that the urge behind female promiscuity is not primarily sexual, indeed it is most often not even primarily financial.

This greatly mystifies many worthy folk, who tend to be moralistic or cynical. The subject is much more complex than is generally understood. Women who have a very highly developed emotionality and strong need for affection; excitement, change, and find their homes cramped and inhibitive, often go through a period of more or less sexual looseness. They seek warmth, attention, excitement, sense of power, carefree. Often as met they come out of it as soon as they attain more emotional maturity. Surprisingly, it could be said of many of these that they are

not even genuinely sexually awakened by the experience!

Their motivation is to secure secondary sexual satisfaction, not primary; this being due, as the Kinsey Report makes clear, to the fact that women's peak of sexuality doesn't occur as a rule until the thirties. Here we have the reason why some observers say that far more women 30 to 45 years of age are sexually promiscuous than at any other age. The social problems of immature promiscuity would be greatly enlarged if women were inclined as much at 18 or 22 to be actually promiscuous sexually as they are at 30 to 40.

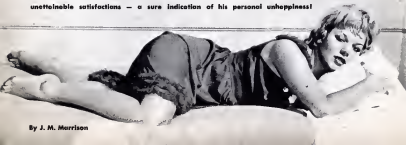
The promiscuous male is definitely likely to be a maladjusted person. Promiscuity is a power drive, in most cases, an act of aggression, revenge, sadism and cover-up for inferiority, large feminine component in his constitution, compensation for failure in other fields of activity, search for a mother prototype; fear and distrust of self, vanity and adventurous curiosity. The actual likelihood is that he possesses less sexual potency and power than normal, for if he did possess them, their very strength and drive would hold him to one chosen woman.

There is also one type whose promiscuity is, as we say, "ideological." That is, it is infused in him by an over-worked imagination, feeding upon pornographic or other sources that use the mind as a whip-on the sexual organs. The organs cannot produce the imagined ecstasy and thus is born an urge to seek the pot of imagined sexual gold at the end of the rainbow, forever pursued.

(Continued on page 62)

## why men go BED HOPPING!

A "wolf" is not the irresistible, oversexed Casanova he pictures himself! . . . Instead, his sexual promiscuity drives him toward an ever-receding mirage of unattainable satisfactions — a sure indication of his personal unhappiness!





# How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

## BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

**Question:** What is so important about my ability to speak and write?

**Answer:** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question:** What does a "command of good English" mean?

**Answer:** A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question:** But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

**Answer:** No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

**Question:** Is this something new?

**Answer:** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question:** Does it really work?

**Answer:** Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

**Question:** Who are some of these people?

**Answer:** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

**Question:** How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

**Answer:** In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. It is little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question:** How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

**Answer:** I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

## MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and easily at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 335 E. LaSalle St., Mendota, IL 61340. No salesman will call. Dept. 6335

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 6335, 335 E. LaSalle St. Mendota, Illinois 61340

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐



# POT-POURRI OF PLEASURE



**Pot-Pourri...Dedicated to the proposition that a good belly-lough is better than a stomach ulcer.**

#### SEPTEMBER SONG

**J**USTICE Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. of the Supreme Court was a man well known for his delight in women. Well into his 80's, he was walking down the street with a friend when a particularly shapely dish passed by. Holmes turned to his friend, and remarked, "Oh, to be seventy again!"

Mary had a bathing suit  
The latest style no doubt.  
But when she got into it,  
She was more than half way out!

#### WE BELIEVE IT

**S**IGN at the town limits of Ripley, Tenn.: "Believe It or Not, This Is Ripley."

#### THE NEGATIVE APPROACH

**T**HE fellow was sitting on the park bench when the luscious blonde with the provocative wiggle sidled up to him.

"Mind if I sit here?" she asked.

"Lonely I'm not," he replied, "but go ahead."

After a while she asked if he'd like to talk to her.

"A conversationalist I'm not," he shrugged, "but all right."

They talked a bit and then she asked if he'd like to visit her apartment.

"A visitor I'm not, but okay." When they got there, she asked if he'd like something to eat.

"Hungry I'm not, but I'll eat." She gave him a thick steak and champagne to wash it down with and then she asked if he'd like to make love.

"Romantic I'm not," he said, "but I'm willing."

So they engaged in a passionate interlude and when it was over and he was about to leave, the blonde turned to him and asked: "How about some money?"

"Broke I'm not," he replied, "but if you could spare a good cigar..."

---

## THERE'S ONE IN EVERY BARROOM

**THE HEALTH RUG**—Stepped in a puddle three years ago and is still drinking to fight off the cold.

**THE SNOB**—Tomorrow she'll be back to work... digging worms for a bait shop.

**THE PHILOSOPHER**—Full of wise sayings like,  
"Ye avar notica there's more old drunks than old doctors."

**THE MOUTH**—Knows everything except when to shut up!

**THE WEEPER**—Thinks he's the only one with troubles.

**THE LOUNGE LIZARD**—The only girl that would be safe tonight is his own wife.

**THE GUY ON THE END**—Everybody picks on him—enough... Ex-Marine Sergeant now teaching Judo.



# MOST MEN OBJECT TO PAYING \$300.00 FOR A HAIRPIECE . . . . .



**THAT'S WHY WE CREATED THIS ONE**

for **\$19.95** complete

## SEEING IS BELIEVING . . .

If you desire a more youthful, vigorous appearance, if you wish to be more successful both socially and in business, you must look your best at all times. If loss of hair has aged you beyond your years, a NEW YOUTH hairpiece can set back the clock ten to fifteen years in just a few seconds. We invite you to examine our hairpiece in the privacy of your home on a ten day no risk trial. No salesman ever calls. MAILED IN PLAIN PACKAGE for protection of privacy.

## IT REALLY IS UNDETECTABLE . . .

Each hairpiece is custom designed to your area of hair loss and color. To insure a perfect fit we require two measurements: the length and width of the bald area. A hair sample is also needed to insure a perfect color match. Complete fitting instructions are provided of course. We are confident that you will be well pleased. Most of our clients do buy again, that's why we are America's largest supplier of ready to wear hairpieces for gentlemen.

## MONEYBACK GUARANTEE . . .

Enjoy your New Youth for ten days without risking a penny, if for any reason you are not 100% satisfied we will return purchase price when hairpiece is returned undamaged.

### SEND TO: "NEW YOUTH"

Box 484, Dept. CO-68

East Orange, N. J. 07017

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A black and white photograph of a woman in a dark bikini posing in a room. She is standing in front of a brick fireplace, with a large fringed rug on the floor. She is holding a magazine or book in her left hand. The image is oriented horizontally on the page.

**MORE OF MARGARET**

**Now do you believe?**



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**Typical Monthly Payments Shown  
Include Both Interest and Principal**

AMOUNT OF LOAN	24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS	AMOUNT OF LOAN	24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS
\$100	\$ 5.90	\$500	\$27.81
150	8.86	550	30.47
200	11.69	600	33.13
250	14.43	650	35.78
300	17.13	700	38.30
350	19.82	750	40.83
400	22.49	800	43.33
450	25.15		

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# RED RAPE OF THE

# GIRL GUN LAYS

Chinese Communist officials wondered how five of their top generals could vanish in one night . . .

Catching the girls responsible, their vengeance was horrible beyond belief!



**B**RUCE LAYNE walked over to the bamboo bed where the young Chinese girl lay under a black silk cover and poked up her hand. It was moist, hot. As he pulled down the cover the Red Chinese general standing behind him rained his angry hand into the wall of his back. "She is not a girl from a Canton flower house."

The slim, sandy-haired Britisher shrugged and stepped away from the bed. "I hope you give her a nice funeral."

The general withered. He continued with the gun. "Go ahead."

Layne loosened her silk robe and opened it. The girl wore nothing under the robe and the sight of her naked, delicately-limbed body lying on the bed nearly made him forget the gun in his hand. She was a falconer girl of about twenty years, with skin the color of luminous copper and hair as black as midnight. He touched the warm skin of her abdomen gently, his hand edging lower and lower. Suddenly he pressed on the right side of her stomach and the girl cried out in pain. "It hurts there," he asked.

She nodded.

He turned to the general. "Her appendix will have to come out, Kang. You'd better get a doctor, and fast."

General Ho Kang, Commander of

the Suihua Red Army Garrison, shook his head. "There is no doctor within a day's travel," he said. "We are awaiting a replacement for our surgeon who was transferred to Chungking."

"She will die then," Layne said quietly.

The general's lips tightened across his teeth in a half-smile, half-groan. "You will operate, Layne. And if Lung Yui goes to join her ancestors, British dog, you will never leave this villa with your head."

Layne whirled and stared at the general. "You had I won't touch her."

"I think you will, Layne." There was a faint smile on his fat face. "You see, I know all about you, Britisher, or I wouldn't have brought you here."

"There is no other doctor within reach!"

"None."

Layne looked down at the drawn face of the young Chinese beauty. She was going to the wayward so actually Ling Yui had nothing to lose. Her ap-

pends would most certainly rupture before another twenty-four hours. He, too, was going to the odds—a miracle occurred so it was worth a try. "I'll need some instruments."

It wasn't quite as drastic as it seemed. Bruce Layne, a native of Norwich, England, had completed four years towards his doctor's degree in medicine prior to WW II. After a tour of carnal as a fighter pilot in the Pacific Theatre he had returned to the university for four more years and then just when he was about to receive his degree he checked it all and headed for the Orient, deciding he'd rather fly than doctor. He was flying cargo planes in China late in 1947 when the Communist forces swept down from the north. After a stint with the late General Clements, CAT he had been lured in a wealthy Chinese merchant to deliver supplies to Nationalist forces, staging a de-prime but losing battle against the Reds. On January 6, 1948, on such a trip, Layne's C-46 took a

(Continued on page 36)





# A WALK IN THE GARDEN WITH KAY









Adam should have been as lucky

# "WAR AND WOMEN ARE THE ONLY THINGS I CARE ABOUT!"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DOUG

"Thousands of lovely señoritas lined the road as he triumphantly returned after each battle, to vie for the honor of sharing

General George Sutton was the great grandchild of a long line of American soldiers of fortune.

These were men brought up in a school of hard knocks, adventure and opportunity. Today, their loved is almost extinct.

They knew no fear and, by and large, they were chasing excitement and thrill rather than fortune. They had never heard of Social Security, of retirement plans and fringe benefits. Chances are they wouldn't have been interested if they had.

Most of them died suddenly but we'll leave it to you to decide—after you've read this story—whether they had fun, and they really lived. Even the hardships they endured yielded their own particular satisfaction.

AS was his custom after every successful campaign, "General" George Sutton rode back through the narrow gap between the sheer cliffs and into the valley beyond.

Behind him, stretching for miles along the tortuous pass that led to his haunts, fortress city, were 8,000 triumphant cavaliers and a huge pack train loaded with a fortune in loot. Ranger, leather-faced George Sutton and his private army had scored another overwhelming victory, and the "citizens" of his fantastic empire waited to greet and cheer and praise him in the valley.

Sutton accepted the screaming homage of the nobles as his due. He nodded to right and left as he eased his coal-black battle-charger through the milling crowd. At the same time, his steely eyes searched the faces around him. As always, he was seeking out the women he thought might strike his fancy and excite his desires for a night—or an hour.

There were hundreds to choose from—slender, attractive young women with high, full breasts and moist, eager red lips. Each of them knew the guerrilla chieftain's habits. War inflamed his insatiable lusts and his return from a raid or battle always meant that he would submerge himself in sexual excess for days. And, the women vied and competed among themselves for the honor to share his bed!

Sutton saw a girl he wanted here—

another there. He raised his hand. It was a signal. Miguel Gubara, his adjutant, who rode a few yards behind him, spurred his horse and forced it through the dense crowd to Sutton's side.

"That one—in the red skirt—and that one," Sutton grunted, pointing. "And that one—over there," he added. He stabbed his riding crop toward a lush, blue-eyed beauty who'd thrust herself forward, obviously hoping to attract his attention.

Miguel Gubara flushed a wide smile, nodded, and eased his horse into the throng. The three women would share the General's bed in relays during the night. They would be the envy of the other women. Later, possibly the following morning, Sutton would look for others.

It's little wonder that many observers called George Sutton the "Savvy Guerrilla."

"War and women are the only things I care about," he once declared. "I fight the first so that I can enjoy the second."

For five blazing years, he sallied forth from his fortress-city in the tangled, trackless Sierra Madre to wage ruthless, no-quarter war against a dozen enemies. And, during those years, he won every battle and campaign, returning victorious to his mountain citadel to reap the ore reward that meant anything to him—to enjoy "his" women.

Some say there were 15,000 of them. Others put the number at 20,000 or even more. Whatever the exact figures, there's no doubt that the dashing, colorful American master soldier of fortune had thousands of girls and young women at his beck and call.

They flocked into the mountains, to Sutton's private empire, drawn by the legends that had grown up around him, or driven there by the terror and carnage that raged across the face of all Mexico in the 1890's. Not all the women actually became his mistresses—not even a sassy such as George Sutton could have made love to them all, not even in a dozen lifetimes.

Countless hundreds were his mistresses in fact, however, while the other thousands would have gladly given themselves to him in exchange for a nod or a smile.

George Bradford Sutton, swashbuck-

(Continued on page 44)

By Del Marquis



# POISON PLOT OF THE BIGAMOUS BARBER

Bob James was unique among men and husbands, an ingeniously diabolical dreamer who conjured up new methods of murdering his wives!

By Harry A. Wardlaw

Once every blue moon, so to speak, a murder is committed which, for breathtaking horror and sheer diabolical ingenuity, surpasses even our most cynical appraisal of our fellow men. Such a classic among the annals of crime is the following, a true story of murder which we don't believe you'll ever forget. Read it, and see if you don't agree.

**T**O BOB JAMES, barber and man about town, murder was more than a mere avocation. It was a way of life, and a profitable profession, too. For, as he was the last to admit—he was practically at the door of the Death House before he would admit anything—there's nothing like a carefully thought out killing to fill the bank account to the bursting point.

Of course, his needs were modest. Even such an imaginative man as Mr. James might have had difficulty in keeping his ledger stocked with car and champagne. But, as a reasonable

character, his needs were small. All he wanted out of life was an opportunity to avoid too much hard work and to satiate his overwhelming yen for the physical charms of his young and shapely niece, Linda Warner.

Right at the beginning, however, it ought to be made crystal clear that Linda had nothing to do with the gory details. Although she was obviously aware of what was going on, neither legally nor anyway else could she be held to blame. The courts decided that.

If Bob James was proud of himself, he had a right to be. Six women at least—and that's not counting Linda—had so far succumbed to his heavy-set charm as to follow him to the altar. Four, luckily for themselves, had found an easy road to escape. They had divorced him. The other two? Well, their paths to grace had not been quite so easy, but frankly, they had served their husbands better. How? Thereby hangs a tale.

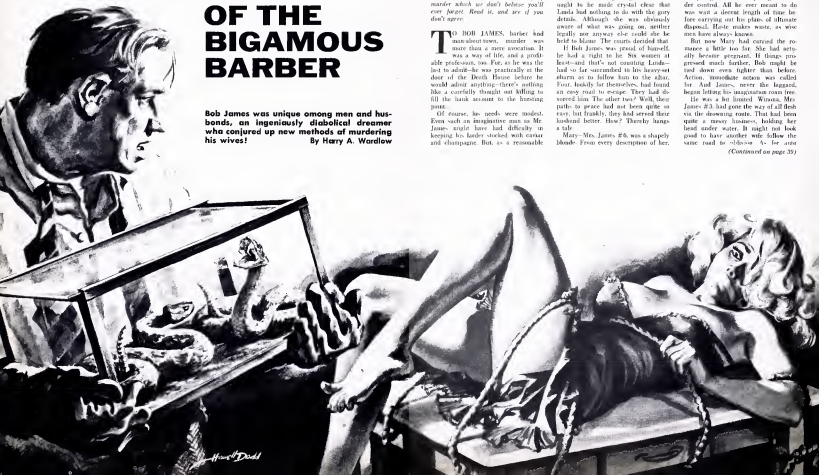
Mary—Mrs. James #6, was a shapely blonde. From every description of her,

it might be fairly stated that what she didn't have, just wasn't necessary. Even since Linda, the ever-understanding true love, was more than a mile jealous. And that's believed, even though, right from the beginning, Bob assured the youngster that everything was under control. All he ever meant to do was wait a decent length of time before carrying out his plans of ultimate disposal. Hate makes waste, as wise men have always known.

But now Mary had carried the romance a little too far. She had actually become pregnant. If things progressed much farther, Bob might be tied down more tightly than before. Action, immediate action was called for. And James, never the laggard, began letting his imagination roam free.

He was a bit limited. Winona, Mrs. James #3, had gone the way of all flesh via the drowning route. That had been quite a messy business, holding her head under water. It might not look good to have another wife follow the same road to oblivion. As for Anna

(Continued on page 35)



**JACKIE  
INVITE  
TO TAKE**

Remember—

**AND JUDY  
YOU  
A PEAK**

just a peak



By  
Murray T. Pringle

# JOHN JACOBS' SEARCH FOR HIS LOST

## \$10 MILLION

**L**OBENGULA, warrior chief of the Masabale, stared at the white man standing before him. "It is done?" he asked.

John Jacobs—the man to whom the question was addressed, nodded. "There is enough poison in that food to kill a hundred men," he replied. "But it's tasteless. They won't suspect a thing until it's too late."

The tribal chief looked over the shoulder of the smaller white man who functioned as his aide-de-camp and enjoyed his utmost confidence. Three hundred yards away, in the shade of a baobab tree, 14 Basuto warriors were digging a pit. "They are some of my best men," Lobengula remarked thoughtfully.

"That may be," shrugged the Boer, "but they also have eyes—and tongues."

"What you say is true," agreed the chief. "One of them might talk."

The two men walked over to observe the digging. Muscles writhed beneath their covering of sweat-soaked ebony skins as the blacks picked and shoveled their way into the earth. Near a baobab tree which cast infelicitous shade over the scene stood two enormous and securely locked old-fashioned safes containing a tremendous fortune in gold ingots and diamonds. This wealth represented almost the entire treasury of King Lobengula who, in that year of 1893, was leading a native rebellion against the British Colonial Government.

The skill, fanatic zeal and amazing military strategy of the Masabale had overcome the disadvantage of inferior weapons and lack of supplies and they had thoroughly bested the Queen's soldiers in most of the engagements fought thus far. But Lobengula realized that his was a losing fight. Sooner or later his magnificent jungle fighters would be overwhelmed by the whites and their superior armament. Against that inevitable day, Lobengula had decided to cache his treasure, vowing that the hated whites would never grab it as spoils of war.

For "Operation Stash" the black rebel leader and his white aide—the only man Lobengula wholly trusted—had selected a remote and completely uninhabited section of bush country between Southern Rhodesia and Bechuanaland. The

expedition, personally lead by the Zulu ruler, included his white confidante, fourteen hand-picked Basuto warriors and a wagon to transport two treasure-filled cast-iron safes. To reach this spot where they now stood, had necessitated nine days of hard travel. But it had been worth it.

Staring at the pit Jacobs began to chuckle. Lobengula stared at him quizzically and the white man explained: "I was just thinking I've attended a few funerals in my time, but never one like this."

Lobengula's face remained impassive. He failed to appreciate any humor in the present situation. When the hole had reached a depth of 12 feet, Lobengula nodded his satisfaction and the digging ceased. Several of the blacks then wrestled the massive strongboxes to the edge of the pit, measuring 10 feet by 4, and lowered them into the ground. Then the grave was filled in, and the earth tamped down and carefully brushed until it showed no signs of disturbance.

"I am pleased," Lobengula told his muscle-weary, sweating followers. "Now, we eat."

The meal was adequate, but the spice was even more so. Within minutes, all fourteen members of the treasure burial party were doubled up on the ground, futilely clawing at their stomachs. When the last Zulu had ceased his writhing and groaning, Jacobs moved about among the fallen men checking for signs of life. Then, with Lobengula looking on, the white man set about dolefully insuring their silence by gathering the fallen men's spears and plunging an assegai into each heart.

A wagon which had been used to haul the treasure to the burial site was now converted into a morgue wagon. Bodies of the slain natives were piled into the cart and driven to the Limpopo River where they were dumped into the rushing waters.

"Well, that's that," announced Jacobs as the last body disappeared beneath the surface. "Your treasure is safe now, Chief. Let's get out of here."

The gory business over, Jacobs and the Zulu chief climbed into the wagon and began to re-trace the nine-day route that had brought them to this remote,

He was a tough and stubborn Afrikaner,  
who'd lose his  
treasure before he'd share it!



unpopulated region between Southern Rhodesia and Bechuanaland...

Just how John Jacobs had ever managed to attain such a position of trust with the King of the Zulus was something that he never revealed. A well-educated man, son of a white father and Malayan mother, Jacobs had been the old chief's private secretary for years and enjoyed Lobengula's absolute confidence. That this faith was not misplaced was amply demonstrated, but there surely must have been more than one occasion when Jacobs roundly cursed the day he ever met Lobengula and supervised the burial of that treasure.

Lobengula never retrieved his hidden hoard. A year later, in 1894, the aging Zulu king died of illness and the First Matabele War ended. That left only one man in the world who knew the whereabouts of the multi-million dollar treasure—Jacobs. But many knew of its existence, including the administrator of Rhodesia. Well aware of the position of trust the Boer had enjoyed with Lobengula, the British official felt sure that Jacobs knew where it was. The latter did not deny it.

"That money is now the property of the Crown," the administrator said. "Tell us where it is and I'm sure the Queen will recognize your cooperation."

Jacobs asked how much "recognition," and was told that it would probably be about five per cent.

"What sort of feel do you take me for?" Jacobs laughed. "I should settle for a lousy five per cent when I can have the whole damn thing! Tell you what, I'll take 60 per cent and the Queen can have forty. Since I'm the only one who knows where it is, it seems to me that

I'm being a damn sight fairer to you than you are to me."

The British official's mustachioed face reddened angrily. "How dare you presume to bargain with Her Majesty," he fumed. "That money rightfully belongs to the Crown—spoils of war and all that."

"The hell it does," Jacobs argued. "It belongs to the man who can find it, and I'm that man!"

Weeks passed while the haggling went on between the Boer and the British Government. Jacobs was offered ten per cent. He made a counter offer; a straight fifty-fifty split between himself and the Queen. Five million bucks apiece. It was no deal and Jacobs left the country, vowing that the government wouldn't get a penny of the treasure.

Suspecting that the Boer planned to re-enter the Rhodesia secretly and dig up the treasure, government officials alerted the police and immigration authorities. Jacobs was to be immediately apprehended if he so much as set one foot across the border. But Jacobs appeared satisfied to settle down in the Transvaal and eke out a modest living through farming. However, two months after the Rhodesian authorities had issued their "keep out" order, two game wardens happened onto the trail of three men and followed it for several days. The spoor led to Jacobs and his two young sons. The trio was heading north toward the Bechuanaland border.

Jacobs drew a six-month jail term for illegal entry. His sons were escorted back across the border and warned that if they tried to return they would be jailed for a year.

Jacobs had now become a marked man. All Africa knew that he was the key to a multi-million dollar fortune and

every crack in the territory lay awake nights trying to devise a scheme for getting his hands on the fabulous loot. But Jacobs was no babe in the woods; he knew his way around.

However, no man can keep his guard up indefinitely. One night, he struck up a bathroom acquaintance with a pair of rascals named Holmes and Culhane. Jacobs made the mistake of relaxing in the convivial atmosphere and his drinking companions spiked his brandy with a Mickey Finn.

Jacobs awoke with a splitting headache, and found himself securely hoisted to a chair in a dilapidated shack near the Limpopo River. Still half conscious, he felt fingers entangle themselves in his hair and jerk his head roughly backward.

"All right, Jacobs," a voice rasped in his ear. "Tell us where it is."

"Where what is?" he mumbled thickly.

A brutal hand crashed against his face. "Don't play cute with us," snarled a voice he recognized as Holmes'. "You know where Lobengula stashed his treasure. You're going to tell us!"

His captors didn't know Jacobs. They tried cajoling, they threatened, they offered him a share which he knew he'd never live to get.

"Talk, damn you!" Holmes snarled, backhanding the hound man so viciously that he spurted the chair.

"To hell with this fooling around," said Culhane. "Let's burn it out of him."

Righting the chair, the two men removed Jacobs' shoes and socks and held the burning ends of cigarettes to his bare feet. Jacobs gritted his teeth and endured the punishment. They burned

(Continued on page 42)



# THE GIRL WHO LIVED WITH SEX SADISTS

By Rose K.

The poignant, true story, told in her own words, of how a prostitute lives, and how she feels about her profession.

## A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR

Dear Editor:

"I am 24 years old, and for the past seven years I have been an inmate of houses of prostitution. In May, 1952, I married a professional pimp, and the next month he put me in a whorehouse! . . . I have spent most of my time in five- and ten-dollar brothels. I have only spent three nights in jail during my career, but I have been fined almost every week for being an inmate of a house of prostitution. . . . I won't go near a city unless there is an understanding with the Law. . . . Two years ago, my husband was convicted of White Slavery, and drew a sentence of 5 to 10 years. It was his third offense. I placed myself in the hands of another pimp. He keeps me in houses where I can do the most business for a percentage of my earnings. He has around 20 girls on his string. . . . At present, I am in a five-dollar house of prostitution. Last year, in joints like this one, I earned slightly over \$30,000. Over \$20,000 went to my pimp, and for graft and fees. I spend 14 to 16 hours a day, seven days a week in the house. Last

night, I had dates with 51 men and last year, I suppose I did business with nearly 9,000 men. . . . I don't suppose I'm any different from any other prostitute you would meet in a brothel. I know what people think of me, and how they regard me. If prostitution is evil, I think it is a necessary evil. I feel that the money I earn as a prostitute I earn honestly. I have never rolled a drunk, or stole from my customers. . . . I've always wanted to be a writer and my articles are based on my experiences in cat houses. I try to be frank and honest, basing my articles on the questions that my customers ask me, and what I think people want to know. I keep a clipboard and pencil in my room and try to write between dates. . . . Guys are always asking why I don't quit this racket, but they don't tell me what I'm to do. People won't let a prostitute reform, and if they find out she's been a chippy they make her get back where she belongs. Who will hire a woman knowing that she is an ex-prostitute?"

Yours truly,

Rose K. . . .

P.S. "Thanks for your advice on how to write this article, Mr. Editor."

WHAT EVER are her reasons for becoming a prostitute, a woman soon learns that being one is a form of punishment and a slow means of self-destruction.

I have been "on the turf" for over seven years. In this life, I am known as a "house girl," which means I hustle in red-light districts and walk in brothels or, as the customers call them, "whore houses."



The term is not insulting to us, as many people believe, but it is a term we use to distinguish ourselves from streetwalkers, call girls, or other types of hookers. I would much rather be called a whore than I would a prostitute. That's the term the police always use on the arrest blitzer and it has come to be distasteful to me.

A whore house may be considered the lowest form of prostitution, but it is probably the most profitable. The hundred dollar-a-date call girls may be the glamour girls of this racket, but I've found out it is easier to find twenty men with five dollars each than one man with a hundred to spend on me. What makes it so bad is not the large number of tricks that I have to turn each night, but that my face and name is known to almost every one in town.

This is an open town so far as prostitution is concerned. All a chippy has to do is check into the police station when she arrives, pay a fine for disorderly conduct, and give the cops the address of the brothel she is going to stay at. She checks out again when she leaves town. We sit in the windows and call to every man who goes by. People often drive down this street to look at us and it is impossible for me to go up town without having people recognize me or my name. I am Rose, the town whore.

It isn't easy to sit in the beauty parlor and have a couple of decent women stare with scorn. To be an outcast among my own sex is the worst kind of shame there is, and it is worse than any shame I ever feel inside a house.

The other day I was walking in front of the dime store when some boys drove by in their hot rod. They followed me down the street yelling, "How are things on Green street, Rose?"

Some men consider it sport to stand outside the houses and tease us. They'll call us names and try to get us mad. No one has any respect for women like

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ey had been bottom man from his first work on the payroll. In his pocket now was a cable from the sales manager back at Schoenstadt: "Come home at once and bring your demonstration machine. You are through."

Sweeney called for a bottle of the inferior gin parveyed at high prices in this pad by the slatternly Duchess May. Though he was not a drinking man, he felt that this was the day to become one.

As you might expect, Sweeney, unaccustomed to drink, passed out before he finished the bottle. Ascher, playing to the gallery, roared: "Ach, the poor Amerikenschneider! I feel so sorry for him, making no sales at all. Why not send him back home in style?" He beckoned to the Hawaiian houseboy.

"Moenga, here is ten dollars for you. Get your heave and wagon right away. I have a friend who is captain of a ship that is sailing tonight. We will give Herr Sweeney a leisurely sea voyage—he will get to New York in six months. The trip will take his mind off those verdammt machines he can't sell at any price."

Everybody laughed. Ascher was a card. The beedello houseboy tucked the banknote in his diaper-like garment and ran to fetch his wagon. Together, the Hawaiian and the German struggled with Fred's inert body and at last hoisted him into the vehicle. They drove to Pier 56 where the trading vessel *Deutschland* Tar was getting up steam.

Like his friend Ascher, Captain Hans Vorhregger had a rough sense of humor and guffawed at the thought of taking the uncomely Yankee to sea. The fact that Ascher slipped Vorhregger \$75 to cooperate in the practical joke made this shafting even more enjoyable.

At 6:30 p.m. the rusty, low-slung vessel sailed from Honolulu with a cargo of yams, coconuts, rattan mats, mother-of-pearl, kerosene, and copra. Plus Fred Sweeney, still snoring in his stupor. The *Deutschland* Tar was never seen again.

In checking *Lloyd's Directory of Maritime Lines* for the year 1903, you will read that the ship was "lost at sea with all hands from unknown causes." Lloyd's further reported that its underwriters had paid the owners in Hamburg 125,000 pounds sterling for the

loss of the old tub.

But the insurance people usually so exact, erred in one detail—all hands—did not perish. One survived.

That man was Fred Sweeney. But not until World War II when John Glone, a correspondent for the *London Express*, met an old Solomon Islander named Taby Moenga did the whole strange story come to light after 33 years.

On the tenth day out, a boiler exploded and fire raced through the paint-peeling vessel, loaded as it was with flammable cargo including rattan and kerosene. Some men were roasted alive. Others leaped overboard. While some, including the skipper and eight crewmen, launched a leaky lifeboat and crowded into it, cursing and striking the American who tried to follow them "It is too many already!" yelled Captain Vorhregger. "You stay behind or we will throw you in the water."

The lifeboat's passengers all died. Lloyd's paid off and closed its books on the disaster. But the axlander that Vorhregger left behind, Fred Sweeney, was catapulted into the Pacific by a second, though smaller, explosion which shook the sinking ship after the lifeboat pulled away.

As he floundered in the waves, Fred could see the lifeboat receding in the distance. A fair swimmer, he kept afloat until his legs were leaden and his breath used up. Through eyes spurring from salt water, Sweeney discerned a large rectangular object rocking in the swell.

It was a packing crate which possessed considerable buoyancy despite the great weight of its contents. Gratefully, the swimmer climbed aboard and clung to the wet, splintery surface, shivering and thanking his personal God for this momentary safety.

Not until some hours had passed and his strength had returned did he notice the blurry but still legible stencil markings on the crate:

"GREAT EASTERN SEWING  
MACHINE CO.  
Schoenstadt, New York  
U.S.A.  
Handle with Care!"

He gaped in disbelief. He read the words again . . . and again . . . then choked up with hysterical laughter. He was sitting on his own sewing machine, the demonstrator which had been crated and ready for shipment home.

Ascher must have put it aboard the *Deutschland* Tar as a final, taunting gesture to an unsuccessful competitor.

Stirring on this precarious float, Sweeney could have kissed the German now. Unwittingly, he had kept the

Amerikenschneider from becoming shark bait.

On the fourth day around noon, his will to survive was at its lowest ebb. More from force of habit than desire to live, Sweeney clung with torn and bloodied fingers to the box. And then he passed out.

Now Sweeney and his sewing machine—Model 564-B. List Price \$165.56, FOB Schoenstadt—might have been swallowed up by the Pacific had it not been for a war party in a jagua boat from the island of Owa Raha. These dusky, bushy-haired men came upon the crate and its unconscious passenger 15 miles off this remote island which is a part of the Solomons chain.

When the American regained his senses, he tried to tighten his grip on the crate. But there was no crate now . . . he thought he felt somebody's bare and sweaty leg. Sweeney opened his eyes. To his amazement, he beheld palm leaves, coconuts, and swaying tree trunks overhead as he focused his red-rimmed eyes.

"I'm not dead," he muttered. "But if I am, it's a nice way to die."

Then he became aware that he was in transit. On a rattan pallet or stretcher being carried along a sandy beach by four nearly nude and bronzed men.

A tall man whose cheeks and temples were engraved deeply with tattoo patterns approached Sweeney who lay weakly on the stretcher. The other natives addressed the man reverently as "Toku Ukames." The salesman had been in the South Pacific long enough to understand a strutting of native dialects.

Toku Ukames . . . "Iron Ax."

Iron Ax now spoke to him. "We took you from the water along with the box of presents," he said with a grin, revealing beetle-stained teeth. "It was good of you to bring as a gift. But what is it?"

That one stumped Sweeney. What gift? He raised himself to a half-sitting position and saw some young men carrying the crated sewing machine which was secured by wire-tough hana vines to bamboo poles slung across their shoulders.

Fred began to giggle, close to hysteria again. What goddamned luck! Bad luck . . . Being saved from the sea and now this. These were probably hostile naked savages who would find a sewing machine completely incomprehensible.

What good was a sewing machine—even a *Great Eastern*—if you didn't wear clothes?

As soon as Sweeney was with the chief and a scowling Solomon Islander named Mar-teeo came to his thatched

hat and said: "It is time for you to show us the gift you brought our people."

Iren Ax led him to a clearing outside the agogo-ngru, or town hall, where the chief addressed the people.

"This man with yellow hair who was found in the water brought with him a gift of great value. It belongs to the tribe; he will now open the box."

But when he shook out the ropes and knocked the wood box apart with a stone mallet, the salesman found his sewing machine intact, except for a few rust spots which didn't seem to affect its operation. Great Eastern would have been proud of Model 564-B at this crucial hour.

A tumble of comment and exclamations went through the spectators.

Some looked on in fear, as if they expected the machine to explode for a rumor had circulated that it was a new weapon which would devastate their enemies. Working the foot pedal and adjusting the bobbin and spindle, Sweeney asked in a small tight voice:

"Does anybody have cloth?" They looked blankly at each other. "Like this cloth." He fingered his worn shirt and the tattered dungarees. Toki Ukana nodded gently, the bones in his spiky gray hair clicking like castanets. He muttered instructions to a low-voiced girl named M'booma, his eldest daughter.

She walked with a stammering matron to her own house and soon returned with a bolt of calico. A Portuguese trader had given it to her mother six years before, when M'booma was 14.

For the next three hours, warriors with spears; nude and excited girls, their torsos glistening with palm oil; old and dried-up grandees, and awe-struck men stood around Fred as he gave the most convincing sewing machine demonstration of his career. This time, eliciting a sale for the sake of a commission wasn't his goal. His very life was the prize.

Keeping up a line of jitters sales patter, which the bystanders didn't understand at all, he cut, basted, and sewed the calico cloth, making a few mistakes, but finally turning out a sock-like dress with a neat neckline, arm holes, and a stitched design in blue thread.

He beckoned to M'booma, the girl who had brought the cloth, and shyly motioned for her to put the dress on. Eager and unaware of the charms of her own body, the laughing M'booma grabbed the dress and wiggled into it, quivering like a puppy in her pleasure and excitement.

Only Sweeney looked at her tawny flesh with uneasy thoughts. With sudden desire, He felt awkward and ashamed. The other men were interested only in the dress, feeling the stitches and talking among themselves about

this witch-kid.

They chattered about it and made little patting gestures of approval, touching Sweeney's cheeks, his elbows, his legs and his buttocks. Only the warrior Marateto stood apart, sullen and worried. He was the son of an opium, a kind of bush-league magician.

"This I do not understand," he fretted. "I have seen the magic of the Malakia tribe to the north of us, whose men swallow fire sticks and live. My father was a Chaba, the fish people to the east, whose apasus walk on red-hot stones and endure the bites of serpents on their tongues without injury. But this whirling, clicking thing the white opium calls a 'sewing machine', this I cannot believe in. He has bewitched us."

The rest of that day, the women of Owa Raha kept Sweeney busy at his sewing machine. One thing made him uneasy: the scanty supply of thread. Rummaging through the straw and excruciator of the packing case, he found a dozen spools of var-colored thread. When these were used up, what could he do?

Clearly, a man of magic who could produce dresses and pants — grade as these were — could not afford to admit defeat because he lacked thread.

Sweeney muttered, "To hell with it! I'll use up my thread and see what happens then. There must be something I can use as a substitute."

Sweeney slept until 3 p.m. and awakened only because M'booma, the chief's daughter, was tickling his chin with a parrot feather. He opened his eyes unwillingly, still tired from the marathon sewing bee. He saw—and felt—the girl nestled close to his body and eager for his ministrations.

M'booma was young, ardent, and anxious. Yet she possessed innate dignity. Fred Sweeney—who took her on the same mat—wondered what his fate would be here. He felt a surge of affection for this even-featured girl with the magnificent legs and breasts.

Afterward, she said: "Here are sixty people waiting outside your hut, apasus. They wish to see more magic by the machine that makes clothes. Our cousins, the Pareetes from across the channel, are visiting us. Show them your powers."

And then he remembered, the thread. Not a spool was left, he had used up every inch of it.

We come now to one important bit of evidence which old Toby Mooga brought with him when he related this account of Sweeney's adventures in Owa Raha back in 1905. The evidence he showed was examined by John Glore, Angus Cameron of the Glasgow Messenger, and a number of Allied officers.

Toby's exhibit was an old, barnacle-encrusted bottle which had once held

rich and satisfying Beechby's Gin. The empty container had washed ashore decades ago on the coral beach at Owa Raha. In it, Toby explained, "the god-of-the-clothes-machine" had stuffed some written notes. Glore and his friends were the first white men to lay eyes on Sweeney's old diary in the bottle. One entry is significant:

"May 24, 1905—I had until noon of the 25th to find some thread for the damned machine. Yes, I was scared, I freely admit it. On the whole island I found nothing which I could substitute for thread. And then I had an idea—my own trousers. By unraveling the cloth and carefully winding the threads back on the empty spools, the trousers just might save me . . .

(10 p.m.); "It worked! The threads were shoddy and broke often, but the Pareetes were satisfied. I made them shirt a short pair of pants which barely reached his knees. And a striped dress for his youngest wife.

"But now I am almost stark asked myself, owning just the ragged shirt on my back. The Pareetes are coming back tomorrow with more people for another demonstration . . . Lord help me if I don't find thread by then."

But luck was with him. As Toby Mooga told Glore:

"The man-with-the-machine was very worried. He was afraid he would be killed if he did not make clothes. And so he would have. It was fortunate that I thought of the spiders. From them he got the thread."

Sweeney gave Toby Mooga his last treasure, a pen-knife, to guide him to the cave where the big spiders abounded. Here, though the American was severely bitten on the face and hands, he gathered enough web filament to wind onto several empty spools.

"It isn't good old New England No. 2 cotton, but it works, Toby!" Fred crowed after making a hurried test of the strands on his sewing machine. The tribe and the Pareetes were waiting patiently; Sweeney glanced at the sun.

It was just overhead. And he sewed like hell for the rest of the day, afraid to think what would have happened if he had been late. Or if Toby hadn't thought of the spiders.

Thereafter, he secretly visited the spiders' cave twice a week, always getting bitten—once his arm was swollen twice as round as — but returning with sufficient filament to make thread and keep him in business. And alive . . .

When the tribe ran out of cloth, Sweeney told them in a voice which shook: "It is not the fault of the machine. I must have more cloth or I cannot perform my magic. Who has such material?"

Marateto, the sullen warrior, spoke up. "When the trading ship was here many summers ago, it left cloth on other islands too. There must still be

cloth in Sigruha, Maiba, Ahai and Natapera. We will make war on them and take the cloth."

In this manner began the eight-month long "Calico War," long known to anthropologists studying native life in that region but, until Toby Mooga's appearance, never satisfactorily explained.

After each raid and conquest, Toki Ukamea himself would bring the captured cloth items to Fred Sweeney and promptly lay it at the sale-man's feet. Following the sixth "war" and the liberation of nine belts of calico in January, 1906—hijacked from the Kanusi people who were local hunters—Iron Ax distributed a year's supply of belted suits to his subjects and held a great feast to honor Fred Sweeney. Toki Ukamea learned at the sight of his people who, for the most part, were devoutly attired now in Mother Hubbards, pants, vests, shirts, jackets and raggy dresses, all sewn by Sweeney.

"I have something to announce," said Iron Ax at the height of the feasting. He took off his headman's robe, a skirt of patterned bark cloth which hung from his waist to the calves of his legs. The robe is the ancient symbol of authority in the Solomon. Now he tossed it into a ceremonial bonfire and handed a belt of purple cloth to the puzzled Sweeney.

"Tomorrow you will make two robes of this material—one for me, one for yourself. We shall rule as brother-heralds, upon!"

Thus, the sly and unscrupulous salesman—against his will and shirring in his heart—became to ruler of these warlike and clothes-loving people. Now more than ever, he depended on his trusty *Great Eastern*, Model 564-B.

Gradually, he lost much of his reverence and the débauch which had plagued him throughout life. Alternations became evident in his personality. In this lax and pleasant place, though life was interrupted by periodic wars for cloth, Sweeney changed from one who had been a perpetual wallflower to a self-confident, even breezy chap who now realized girls could be his for the taking.

The people of Owa Raha, then, arose, took a casual view of love, marriage, and fidelity. Sexual partners were changed frequently. Nobody cared. Swapping mates was regarded as a common courtesy, scarcely more important than the act of shaking hands.

This made sense to the new, emancipated Fred. The very next woman he took was Beggers, a quite fair Kurere girl, several shades lighter than any of the Owa Raha people. She was the betrothed of Mareto, who had taken her captive during a raid for eight belts of poplin cloth. Unlike other men, Mareto was monogamous and resented the idea of sharing his fiancée. When he

threatened the American, Iron Ax struck the young warrior with a sharp hornbill's beak, the only weapon carried by the chief. The bird's beak had open Mareto's cheek.

"I am still wearing the robe, Mareto, and you must obey my orders and those of Yellow Hair. If he wants Beggers to comfort him during the night, that is his privilege. See that you remember it."

For ten days or so, the machine ran well and Sweeney relaxed, hoping against hope that just possibly a ship might put in and take him away from this place. His faith in the *Great Eastern* had been severely tried by its latest needle trouble. But soon a new and more serious problem arose.

In the midst of sewing a blue Mother Hubbard for fat Gardu, wife of L'Boa, the fisherman, the frayed leather belt connected to the foot treadle snapped in two. Sweeney anxiously inspected it and found the leather too worn to repair by hand.

Without a new belt—or a decent substitute for it—he was in trouble again with the tribe.

For several precious hours Fred Sweeney just sat in a funk, biting his fingernails and stewing. How could he improvise a belt?

And then he remembered something and felt weak with hope and anxiety; he recalled the tanned skin of Va'edo, the once mighty chief of the Pareeto—Toki Ukamea's own first cousin—whom Iron Ax had slain in combat almost 20 years before. It was the tribe's most important war trophy and hung on Toki Ukamea's wall.

A strip of it should make a suitable belt for Model 564-B. Sweeney reflected with mounting excitement. To what better use could it be put than saving his own life now? But he would have to act fast. Sundown meant death unless the machine was put in working order by then.

And Old Sol was racing across the sky.

The new belt fitted perfectly. Only a minor adjustment was needed.

He was happily engaged in sewing a crude canvas bag which would hold ornaments, a gift for the cross Hingis, mother-in-law of Iron Ax—when Toki Ukamea approached with six warriors led by Mareto.

Mareto pointed to the new belt in Sweeney's machine. He held up, for all to see, the human pelt from which one strip had been sliced.

"You must go with Mareto and his men," said Iron Ax with real regret in his voice. "He saw you take skin from Va'edo, our old enemy. Now the tribe will have bad luck because of this sacrilege. You must go to the Kato-mato house."

Sweeney didn't leg or crawl or weep

like the Fred of old would have done. His mouth—a- an important man—a wearer of the robe—had done something for him. As Toby Mooga remembered decades later, the salesman entered the grim hutchie-week house with his shoulders thrown back and a tight smile on his lips.

"It was Mareto's spear that killed him—the 16th blow," old Toby recalled in 1933. "The magician must have suffered much. But none of us heard him cry out."

And then the sly old native asked Correspondent Glore a hopeful question. Did Glore have any thread with him? Was he, perhaps, a wizard like Sweeney who could make the machine run again? The Owa Raha people had few clothes now, thanks to the ravages of the Japs in this big war.

If Glore had thread, he, Toby Mooga, though old and half-blind now, would be pleased to lead the white shamanist to a cave where Model 564-B was hidden under piled-up brush, old calico, and old dried dung. The Owa Raha tribe would be most grateful. . . . If Glore had thread, that is. THE END

## Red Rape Of The Chinese

(Continued from page 17)

direct hit from a Red anti-aircraft battery. His left engine was blown completely off the wing. At the time he was just north of Weihai in eastern China, far from friendly territory. He tried to turn back toward Chungking but the entire left wing burst into flames so he headed for the only level spot in sight, the Yan Ho River. Slipping the lug transport to lose altitude and to keep the flames away from the cockpit he set the C-45 down on the water a few miles north of the city of Suifu. The last the other pilots saw of Layne he was sitting on the right wing of the ditched transport, his thumb raised in an "all's well" salute and a grim bottle of whiskey clutched in the other.

Half an hour later he had his first encounter with the sadistic General Kang. When Layne's native copilot couldn't stand because he had broken his leg in the crash landing, Kang ordered him shot. Layne protested and was promptly fired against a tree. "Teach this miserable Englishman a lesson," the general screamed. A soldier ripped the shirt from the pilot's back and for several minutes the Reds tortured him with their bayonets. The upper part of his body was a mass of bloody cuts when they finished. Then, still shirtless in the freezing weather, they forced him to walk ten miles to the Suifu jail while they followed in jeeps.

The jail was an ancient building on record as a gaol. The five-hundred-square cell was filthy and crawling with bugs. There were no windows, only one door leading into a narrow passageway. By standing on his toes he could touch the ceiling. They kept him locked in this cell for three weeks, feeding him once a day and emptying the bucket he used as a latrine twice a week. He had no one to talk with, nothing to read. Thus he welcomed General Kang's gimpish invitation to go and examine Ling Yui.

A medical kit was obtained from an excited Nationalist doctor's office. Layne placed a sheet on a long table directly under the brightest light in the room and called Kang, "Help me put her on the table." This had the sole long girl in the makeshift operating table and Layne took a strip of cloth and folded it neatly. He then took a bundle of ether from the bag and handed it to Kang. "When I and my friend see her the ether drop into this jug. Understand?"

Kang nodded half-heartedly. "Perhaps her lady servant could . . ."

"No, Your General. Not the lady servant."

Layne placed the pad over the girl's mouth and nose, took a long breath and nodded to the general. Sheen, who dropped after another, the ether fell onto the pad until Ling Yui went into a deep sleep. Layne jerked up the scalpel. His hand trembling, Kang stared at the knife as though hypnotized then turned and left. Layne heard him muttering in the other room. The liver wiped his shirt sleeve across his forehead and slowly placed the sharp scalpel on Ling Yui's soft skin. A thin red line magnificently appeared on his abdomen as the instrument cut her. There was no turning back now.

He pulled the abdominal muscles and opened the peritoneum. Quickly he splintered out the liver with gauze, reached in and grasped the ovum and pulled it into view through the incision. He then placed two clamps at the base of the infected organ and several up the crushed tissue with suture. Wiping the appendix in a piece of gauze he dipped the scalpel into carbolic acid and cut it about a quarter of an inch from the base. He then cauterized the cut and sutured up the incision. By the time he was finished his clothes were soaked with perspiration. General Kang was still off in the other room sick to his stomach. Layne joined him, wiping his face. "All we do now is wait."

It was a long night. Layne was conscious of every momentary change in Ling Yui's breathing. Every few minutes she uttered faintest hints of lucidity and then the room beside her. But by morning even the general could

see that she was out of immediate danger. Layne relaxed a little but it wasn't until noon when she opened her eyes and smiled that he knew she would be all right barring unforeseen complications.

The general nodded his satisfaction. "You did well, Englishman." He called a maid-servant and said, "This man will stay with us for a while. Take him to Ling's room."

Surprisingly enough Kang treated the British pilot very well the next couple of weeks. Layne was not permitted to leave the house but otherwise he lived very well. Servants brought him his food, new robes, and Ling Yui's handmaiden even tried to bathe him. He had just stripped and stepped into the hot bath water one evening when Sheen, the servant, walked into the room. She went directly to him and started wiping his back, running her hand down his back to his buttocks. "Hey, quit it," Layne bellowed. "Get out of here."

Sheen stopped back, a hint of expression on her face. "No like?"

"I like but not the hell out."

Just then another voice interrupted. "Sheen does not understand. It is customary in our country for her to do such things." Ling Yui was standing in the doorway staring at him.

Layne tried to smother a snicker as he said, "Well, it's not customary to an Englishman." He was thoughtful for a moment, then smiled. "It's not a bad idea, though."

Ling Yui laughed. "Perhaps I should keep you." She moved toward him.

"Get out." He could still hear her laughing as she went down the hall.

Afterward as he dressed, he absently kicked himself for getting so angry. He had just about decided to go to Ling Yui and apologize when there was a light tap on his door. "Who is it?"

"Ling Yui." She was fully dressed now in a western-style dress. "I want you to come with me."

"Where?"

"Across Satsien to meet some others."

Layne shook his head. "The general doesn't allow me to leave the villa."

"My father is in Canton. You will be safe with me."

The Englishman hesitated. He wanted to get outside for awhile after weeks cramped up in the house but he didn't want to do anything to irritate the general. Living in the villa had decided advantages over being penned up in the filthy jail.

"Come. It is important."

Layne shrugged. "I hope you know what you are doing."

A car was waiting in front of the villa and a moment later they were moving down the dark street. Ten minutes later Ling Yui stopped the car on

a side street off West Street. "We will go in here." She motioned toward an apartment house on the left. Layne followed her into the apartment, noticing that she locked the door from the inside. He looked around the room, went into the one bedroom and examined the closets. He even looked under the bed. When he returned to the living room Ling Yui was sitting on the divan smoking a cigarette. "Smell-free?"

He nodded. "Just what is going on?"

Ling Yui smiled. "Bence Layne. That's a nice name. I once knew a man in London called Bence."

"You were in London?"

"I was raised in England by my aunt until I was eighteen. My father loaned me to return two years ago when she died." She watched Layne limp across the room. "You know, of course, that as soon as my father is certain I am well he intends to have you executed as an enemy of the People of China."

Layne nodded.

"I can help you."

"Why should you?"

"Because my friends and I need your help. We want to pay back these misdeeds for some of the things they have done to us."

"Now don't tell me they would hurt you, the Commanding General's own daughter," Layne said.

"No, not me, but my friends. I hate my father and everything he does. He is a stranger to me."

Layne laughed. "I don't know what you are up to, Ling Yui, but it's a good joke. Me, a prisoner, helping the general's daughter."

Yet, the more the girl talked, the more convinced he became that she was serious. Her father could harm her to return to China, but her years in the West had changed her outlook on life. She hated the Communists with a deep-seated loathing that surprised Layne. He knew he was a fool for not ignoring her plea. Yet the chance for even a small measure of revenge against Kang was too tempting to ignore. "What did you have in mind?"

Ling Yui smiled. She moved closer, reached up and pulled his face down and kissed him. "That's for saving my life." She released him. "I'll get my friends but first answer me this. Was it really necessary to caress my whole body the night you operated?" Before she startled pilot could answer she was gone. He heard the snap of the lock behind her.

Half an hour later she was back. When the door opened ten of the most beautiful Chinese girls Layne had ever seen followed Ling Yui into the room. Each was well dressed, mostly in Western style dresses or suits although three of the girls wore long silk gowns and one had on black slacks. All were young. "These are my friends," Ling

Yun said:

"You mean you expect to fight these soldiers with a bunch of girls?" Layne yelled. "Hell, Ling Yun, that would be suicide."

The girl in slacks looked at Ling Yun and said something in Chinese. Ling Yun answered her, then translated her words for Layne's benefit. "Miss Layne said he would lead us against the soldiers rather than get his throat cut with your knife." The girl laughed and flicked a long, curved knife out of a sash at her waist. Ling Yun looked at Layne. The others magically produced their weapons from bodices, sleeves and various hiding places.

The flyer nodded. "I can see they are prepared but I still say it wouldn't work. We'd all be killed."

It took several hours before Layne admitted there was method to their madness. One main factor in their argument was the deep hatred the girls had for the Reds. Some had lost parents. Others had been raped and beaten. Two, he discovered that this wasn't a spur-of-the-moment idea. Already they had discovered a cache of gasoline and a hidden shark-nosed P-40 from WW II at an abandoned airstrip several miles north along the Yun Ho River. They had stolen rifles, knives, dynamite and hand grenades from the Reds and had a small arsenal in the basement of the apartment house. Now they were ready for action. Finally Layne said, "I'll help all I can. Ling Yun, but I don't promise that I can do much."

Ling Yun laughed. "You are, too modest, but I like it."

All the next day he exposed General Kang to confront him with the news that he knew all about the night excursion, but the day passed uneventfully. As darkness fell, Layne started wondering if Ling Yun would contact him again. Then at eight o'clock he heard footsteps in the hall and a minute later Ling Yun motioned for him to follow her. While she directed the attention of the lone soldier standing guard in front of the villa, Layne slipped out the back way to the waiting car. That night they started working on the weather-beaten P-40. At a cave nearby Layne showed the girls how to set up a short wave receiver and transmitter. All week they worked on the two projects and by Friday night Lotus Wang, the Chinese girl in charge of the radio set, had made the initial contact with the Nationalist Army. On the same night Layne revved up the engine of the fighter plane for the first time. It sounded good.

Ling Yun ran her hand through his hair. "We've worked enough for tonight. Come, let's celebrate."

He watched her swaying hips as she led the way to her car. "Anytime," he

replied. "Anytime."

Then, for three nights, Ling Yun didn't come to his room. On the fourth night when she did come she said, "My father has not allowed me out of his sight for three days. I've been helping him prepare for a very important meeting of commanding generals in this area."

"Where? When?"  
"At the hotel tonight."  
"How many generals?"  
"Five."

It was too good an opportunity to resist. Besides it was time they moved into action. "Do you think five of your friends would be willing to 'entertain' them for awhile tonight after the meeting?"

Ling Yun clapped her hands. "They'd love it."

"Good. Have them contact the generals right after the meeting. And make sure they leave the doors unlocked when they take the generals to their rooms."

At 1:00 A.M. everything was ready. Layne had been forced to argue for an hour with Ling Yun and Lotus Wang to convince them that they couldn't just slip into the rooms and knife the five generals to death. The retaliation against the citizens of Sutsien would be too horrible. "Just follow me and do as I say," he insisted.

They slipped into the first room a few minutes later. The girl, Ying, and her general were both naked on the bed. The officer was so busy swaying in rhythm with the curvaceous Chinese girl he never heard them until Layne pressed the cold barrel of his forty-five into the small of his bare back. "Get up, general. The fun is over."

The startled officer jumped to his feet and tried to wrap a sheet around himself but Ling Yun grabbed it. He stood there nude and trembling while Ying slipped into her dress. Afterward Layne ordered him to get his uniform on, then had the girls tie his hands and feet and gag him. They took him down the back way and shoved him in the stolen staff car parked in the alley. Within an hour they had all five of the commanding officers in the car. "Let's go to the river."

They chose an isolated spot a few miles from Sutsien to dispose of the officers. Five pads soaked in ether were slipped on their faces and in a few seconds the top brass of the Red Chinese Army in the Sutsien district went to sleep for the last time. Layne propped an officer behind the wheel, loaded the car for the river and told the girls to shove. They watched it go over the steep bank and disappear in the muddy water. Ling Yun looked at Layne and smiled. "It has been a good night."

After that Layne's Raiders did every-

thing and anything they could to harass the Reds. Bridges and railroads were blown up with bombs made from pieces of pipe filled with gunpowder. The girls, never suspected because of their friendship with the general's daughter, made it unsafe for a soldier to step out into the street after dark with their accurate sniping. Lotus Wong sent nightly reports to Nationalist headquarters by short wave, detailing Red troop movements. During the confusion caused by the deaths of the five commanding officers of the area, Nationalist guerrillas, informed by Lotus Wong, infiltrated the garrisons and had a field day. By the end of March, Kang's men were jumping at shadows and shooting at clouds.

Then, unknown to Layne and the girls, the general brought tracking equipment and radio direction finders in from Canton and triangulated a fix on the guerrilla radio station. They captured Lotus Wong as she was sending a message to Kanning. Ling Yun tearfully told him about it the next night. "It is terrible. All day I have heard her screams coming from the interrogation building." Lotus Wong was a very pretty girl. Layne knew what the Red soldiers would do to her.

Now that Kang had this first indication that the girls of Sutsien were involved, he ordered every house that had a daughter searched immediately. Five more of Layne's Raiders were cangle with homemade bombs and grenades in their rooms. The apartment used by Layne and Ling Yun as headquarters was found and Ling Yun never came to him again. The general came though. "You Englishmen have ruined my only child," he screamed. "She lived so long in your country she even thinks like you stupid white. I shall have your head immediately."

"What do you mean?"  
General Kang bunched his shoulders. "She was one of the guerrillas. We caught her."

"You wouldn't hurt your own daughter."

The general stared at Layne, his deadpan face purple. "She will die just like the others after the soldiers finish with her. She is no longer a daughter of mine."

When he turned to call the sentry at the front door of the villa Layne made his move. Picking up a heavy Oriental Ming dynasty statue he brought it down on the general's head as hard as he could. Kang fell to the floor without a sound. The Englishman ran to the back entrance and slipped out into the darkness. Avoiding the Red soldiers he made his way through back alleys until he came to the long, wooden interrogation building where the Reds were holding the girls. Inside was an orgy beyond belief. All the girls were



naked. A soldier had his bayonet in his hand and was watching Linda Wong dance. Everytime her body stopped swaying he would prick her bare stomach with the tip of the weapon. Layne saw several cuts on her smooth skin. Suddenly the soldier grabbed her and threw her on a bed and started to undress. Over at the other side of the big room three naked soldiers had the nude Ling Yui on the floor and after watching them a minute Layne turned away from the window sick.

There were too many soldiers for Layne to try and free the girls. He could either head south and try to reach Chungking and forget what he had just seen—or he could go to the airfield, get the ancient P-40, and come back to Sutsien and fight. He decided on the airfield. No man could forget Ling Yui.

It was just dawn when he parked the fighter near the airstrip. Climbing into the cockpit, he adjusted the rudder pedals and fastened the safety belt. He primed the engine a few shots, flipped the toggle switches on and held his breath as he energized, then engaged the starter. The Allison engine coughed once then broke into a steady roar as he moved the mixture control to full rich. A minute later he was taking the warweary Kittyhawk to the end of the strip.

After sitting for over two years, Layne didn't know whether the plane would get off the ground or not. There was only one way to find out. He opened the throttle wide, released the brakes and roared the fighter straight down the strip. When it seemed certain he was going to hit the trees at the far end of the field, he pulled the stick back into his belly. Nothing happened. Then the P-40 shot skyward suddenly as the control surfaces bit into the airstream, barely moving the top branches of the trees. Layne took a long breath, leveled off the fighter and headed for Sutsien.

He planned to attack the barracks in back of the interrogation building. He hoped the shock of the attacking plane would make the soldiers scatter, allowing the girls to escape into the surrounding countryside during the confusion. Flying very low, Layne roared into Sutsien before he was sighted. Banking sharply to the right he aimed directly for the barracks and flipped the gunswitches on. When he was certain he was close enough he pressed the small black button below the rubber grip on the stick. Instantly, three lines of orange tracers from each wing converged out ahead of the fighter and slammed into the building. Soldiers ran out of the barracks and interrogation building and scattered in all directions.

Layne nearly dug a wingtip into the ground as he pulled a sharp 180 degree

turn and headed back. He made two more passes before his ammunition gave out. But even before the gun quit, he knew he had failed. One of the girls attempting to escape was caught by two soldiers and dragged back into the interrogation building. Just then Kang appeared on the street leading a company of soldiers toward the building. He intended to execute the girls immediately, knowing full well they were the cause of the air raid.

Layne continued circling the city. With no bombs and no ammunition he was helpless. As the general and his men marched into the interrogation building he suddenly knew what he had to do. There was no other way. He took a long look south toward the friendly territory which he could easily reach within a few minutes. His last look. He turned his head abruptly and pushed the nose of the fighter down. With the throttle wide open and wheels up, the Kittyhawk took toward the ground at full speed. Kang stood in the doorway of the interrogation building and looked into the sky. He had just time to raise his fist and shake it once before the plane smashed into the building, ripped it to pieces. There was a deafening blast as the gas tank exploded and the remnants of the interrogation building hurt into flames.

Today on Formosa, just off Hwang Street in the capital city of Taipei, a pretty girl with sad eyes and a scar on her chin remembers the holocaust very well. Ling Yui miraculously survived the explosion and fire that followed the death dive of the P-40. During the confusion she escaped from Sutsien, reached Chungking and later was evacuated to Formosa. "The Red radio reported that Bruce Layne died when his transport crashed in the Yun Ho River," she says. "They didn't dare tell the real story of how he wiped out most of the Sutsien garrison. He was a great man, a man who died for us even though he had a chance to save himself."

There is no better epitaph for any man.

THE END



## Poisonous Plot

(Continued from page 25)

accident, he had tried that, twice already. Cornelius Warner, Linda's brother, had succeeded that way, only a few months before. And Winona had only missed death by a fraction of an inch when her car, toppling over a ledge in Colorado, had caught on an overhang.

But novelty came readily to Bob's brain. And so, a few days later, he found himself in conversation with one Charlie Hope, an inveterate drunkard who was eternally short of funds.

"I've got a problem, Charlie me boy," Bob stated frankly. "I made a damn fool of myself the other night, and if I don't figure something out pretty soon, I stand to lose a heavy heap of money. Now I wouldn't want to be dishonest, mind you, but if you were to help me out, Charlie, I'd be more than willing to pay for your time and trouble."

Charlie's interest was immediate. "Yeah?" he said. "What is it and how much?"

"Well, now, the way I see it—but let me explain it to you. Ever seen a rattler kill a rabbit? How long would you say it would take? Five minutes? Fifteen? Half an hour? It's tricky, I've looked it up. Anyway, I made a bet, never mind with whom, that it would be all over in fifteen minutes or under. Now I find out that makes vary. Some have such strong poison that they can do the job in five or ten minutes, others' venom is so thin that it can take an hour or more. To settle the bet, we're gonna carry out the experiment next week sometime. And I want the strongest venomous snakes around I can find. So here's what I'll do. I'll pay you a hundred bucks, cash down, if you can get me a pair of the meanest, strongest, deadliest rattlers in Los Angeles. Whattaya say?"

"Gimme the money!" Charlie was as direct as his friend.

"Hold on. Not so fast. I want results. Here's twenty on account." Bob handed him a crisp bill. "You get the rest later, when you've delivered according to specifications."

Actually, the hundred dollar investment, if it came to that, would be well worthwhile. For example, he had netted a solid \$14,000 from Winona's murder and, true to type, he had taken out two \$5000, double-indemnity insurance policies on Mary. From the moment he had persuaded her to move in with him.

He had made one small mistake at that point. In his rush to get Mary, he had asked another friend of his—for \$10—to pore as a minister. So that at



Hope, on table, assists in courtroom re-enactment of victim's leg being forced into box of rattlesnakes. Bob James (r.) watches proceedings.

the true tin palmettes were purchased, Mary was not actually his wife.

But that was easily rectified. In a burst of romantic tenderness, he had suggested that to prove his undying love for his new wife (and it was undying on his part—though very much dying on hers), they should further sacramentize their life together. She agreed, ecstatically. And so, two months after their "marriage," they were finally legally hitched.

But now, the swiftly grown-skids that Bob had placed under his "eternal" marriage began to develop a few obstacles. Charlie Hope, in short, was more interested in run than rattlers. He had a great tendency to drink up the cash that James gave him, and then return to his patten and pal with snakes that were less than overwhelmingly poisonous.

One game, when tested with a rabbit, merely lay quietly in their cage and contemplated their terrified prey as if it were a blade of grass. Another set was so docile they could actually be led by hand. And the third time, Charlie had drunk so much of the cash, that all he could afford to purchase were some black widow spiders.

However, on the Saturday night of August 3rd, 1935, as James was preparing to shut up shop for the night, he saw his buddy beckoning to him from outside the window. Giving niece Linda, his manicure, a playful pat on the rump in farewell, James hurried to join Charlie.

The drunk was . . . well drunk! He bowed low in a cavalier manner, sweeping his hat grandly toward the ground as he greeted Bob James. Then, pointing to a glass-covered box he was carrying, he announced grandly, "Meet

Liberal and Lightning, the two most vicious rattlers in Los Angeles County." In confirmation, he tapped the box. The three-foot diamondbacks slashed at the glass, their forked tongues striking viciously, and a trickle of wet-leven venom splattered the window.

James grinned and patted his friend happily. "That ought to do the trick," he granted in pleasure. "Those rattlers ought to be able to kill—rabbits. Come on around to the house tomorrow morning and we'll try them out. If they work, you'll get paid! OK?"

Charlie, looking pleased with himself, and licking his lips in anticipation of a fatuous shipment.

Never let it be said that Bob James was lukewarm. His innate interest in science was debatably piqued by the sweeping possibilities inherent in his forthcoming experiment. It isn't often that a man gets to practice on his wife with a real live rattler.

Getting his wife in "condition" was easy. The very fact of snake bite alone provided the answer. Mary had a natural liking for alcohol, and feeling the nauseous pangs of pregnancy made her fall right in with his suggestion that, "What you need is a drink, honey!" She had her drink—a good still one. And she had another, and still another.

When Charlie Hope arrived at the house the next morning, the drinks were still flowing free. And, since he had a bad case of the shakes, the result of a wild Saturday night, he was only too happy to accept Bob's offer of a fresh pint of whiskey.

But, after finishing the bottle and entering the kitchen, Charlie turned dead sober. For the night was hardly what a decent drunk might expect. There, lying on the kitchen table, her mouth taped tightly with adhesive, his

lady secured with thick ropes, lay Mary James.

She was wearing only the shimmest kind of a nightgown and every inch curve of her pin-up queen beauty was plain to see. But Charlie wasn't interested. If anything, he suddenly remembered something he had to do, something on the other side of town that could only be accomplished between eight now and five minutes from now. He offered his apologies, explained, and prepared to depart.

"Nonsense," replied James. "This isn't anything serious. It's just that she's pregnant and this is the quickest way to get rid of the baby!" And without further ado the thoughtful host kicked viciously at the box of rattlers and then, drawing back the top cover, forced his wife's face down in next to the striking rattler's fangs.

Charlie Hope grabbed a fresh bottle of whiskey and drained it dry.

Bob James was not amused. Grabbing Hope by the lapel, he dragged him upright, pushed his face close and growled, "Now you're in it as deep as me. If you ever go to the cops, I'll tell 'em I came home and found you had tied her to the table. Now, who do you think they'll believe? A respectable businessman like me, or an old drunk like you?"

Hope didn't answer. He noticed that James had another bottle on the table. He took it and started drinking. After awhile, he passed out. When he came to again, it was night. James was snoring.

"You damn fool," the barber was complaining, "what kind of weak snakes did you get me? They hardly even faded her. I had to drown her in the bathtub. Now come on. Help us drag her to the folgend," Charlie helped.

The next evening, James closed his shop prematurely. By taking a slightly out-of-the-way route home, he just "suggested" to run into an engaged couple he knew rather well, Jim Penberth and Viola Laerks.

"Boy, am I glad to see you two," he announced happily. "Mary told me to invite the pair of you to dinner tonight and do you know, I plumb forgot. She'll be boiling mad at me—and her in her condition preparing the meal. Please come. Mary'll be mad at me if you don't."

But Mary wasn't around when the three—showed up at the hangout. There were no lights, and although they searched in room after room, Mary appeared to have vanished. Bob was definitely worried. Finally, taking some flashlights, he suggested they search the grounds.

"I don't know," he said in a bothered tone, "You know she might have fainted."

They found her, of course. She was

right where the lags had put her—face down in the goldfish pond that I took quite a bit of maneuvering before Pemberton could be needed into spouting her. They tried giving her artificial respiration. And Pemberton called for help.

But she was quite dead. Coroner, police, and the medical examiner were unanimous on that point. But they were a bit disturbed, at first, about the condition of her left leg, swollen to twice normal size, as well as a puncture in her leg too. But in the end, someone found the note, which seemed to explain everything quite satisfactorily.

"Dear Sis," it read. "Just a line to let you know I am pretty well. My leg is all swollen. Something hit me while watering the garden. Am having lots of bad luck. This is old Blue Monday, but my daddy will be home early to-night and he takes good care of me, Mary."

James wept bitter tears. Pemberton and his girl friend contacted the "bearded" gentleman. And the police left without, apparently, a doubt in their heads. After all, it's a long way from Colorado to Los Angeles. And years had passed since sweet Winona had met her untimely end.

But then James overplayed his hand. Suddenly turning a fit pale, he announced: "You know Winona, my third wife also died by drowning. In the bathtub. I hope no one thinks there's any connection."

Nobody would have, if Bob hadn't brought it to their attention, least of all Viola Laesch. But, after brooding about the strange statement all night, she telephoned Deputy Sheriff Jones and expressed her doubts.

Despite this, Bob seemed well on his way to freedom. His own testimony, strongly supported by his loving niece Linda Warner, apparently convinced the coroner's jury. For they pronounced the death "accidental."

It was left for the insurance companies to make the last feeble complaint, \$20,000 in double indemnity was a lot of money. And they took their own time about paying off. This left James in a tender position. He had to continue the act as the self-righteous beneficiary. He filed a civil suit to collect.

That was a bad mistake. The two companies began a little investigation and came up with some interesting answers. For one thing, they discovered that he had not been married when the policies were drawn. For a second, they uncovered the fact that Bob James was not his real name, he being officially christened Lichesha. For a third, the similarity in death with Winona stood out all too clearly.

Still, Bob blazed it out. He had, it seemed, an answer for everything. And his attitude actually convinced one

company to settle out of court, for \$5500. But not the other. By no means, the other.

They, in-tend, convinced that things were hardly what they seemed, went to Los Angeles County District Attorney Baron Pitts and requested him to reopen the case. After examining the hundreds of evidence collected so far, he consented.

James had moved. "How," he had asked his neighbors, "could any man live in a house so connected with tragedy?" How, indeed? So, he had taken up residence with his niece in a bungalow on LaSalle Avenue. He overlooked the fact that right next door was an unoccupied house. The DA rented it for a month and on April 3rd, Captain Jack Southard and L. W. B. Morgan moved in. By nightfall, they had planted bugs all over the James home. A 24-hour-a-day dictaphone watch was begun.

What a pity that the record cannot be reproduced here. For what the officers heard in the next few weeks would have cursed the fabled Marquis de Sade to black. Bob was a confirmed misanthrope and now, living in openly incestuous relationship with Linda, he was carefully instructing her in the use of his favorite instruments of self-torture.

He seemed to have an insatiable appetite, because on those evenings when Linda was away, he called in some husky young man to use the whip on him instead. His shouts and cries, his obscenities and curses as the whip bit into his flesh were awe-inspiring.

But there were other things, too. There were references to one Charlie Hope, of whom James stated, "I'll see him in Hell before I give him another dose." There were references to blackmail, and to the decrease of his former wife. There were also allusions to another, a future Mrs. James. And his frank discussions with Linda indicated that the youngster was more than acquainted with his *media operanti*. The seventh prospective bride, however, appeared to be hanging back, coyly, for James told Linda, in obvious annoyance, "You know, she's afraid of me. She doesn't need to be. Does she think I'll kill her the same way I killed the other two?"

There were other references, too. By the 19th of April, the police had gotten about all the evidence they could expect. They decided to proceed with the arrests.

To poor Bob, it was all a great shock and surprise. There he was, in bed with his niece, minding his own business—which by the way was extremely intimate business—when suddenly up popped the window, and in climbed the two minions of the law. To say that he was put out, would be putting it mildly.

For Linda screamed and tried to

duck beneath the covers. Bob, who was in no condition to cope with this sudden reaction on the part of his niece, had no alternative but to jump to the floor, screaming in righteous indignation—and with some justification, "You dirty rotten coppers, how low can you get!" He started to rush Southard, but that worthy discouraged the attack. Deceitfully, and in short order, both Bob and Linda were dressed, handcuffed and on their way to jail.

There, for the time being, James was booked on a charge of incest, and Linda was held as a material witness. Bail was set at \$25,000.

That charge was easily proven, and on May 28th, he was convicted and sentenced to the maximum term of 3 to 150 years.

But the murder was a bit more complicated. For Bob James wriggled around like an eel. He denied everything. He tried to claim hereditary insanity. He pleaded an alibi.

But the entire defense began to break down when Charlie Hope was finally picked up. If James had made a mistake, it was trusting a drunk with such a vital part of his plans. For Charlie broke apart at the seams, the first time he was taken back to the murder scene. He told everything, getting the snakes; how Mary was bitten; and even how she was drowned in the bathtub and then dragged to the fish-pond.

Hope was permitted to plead guilty with the understanding that his sentence would depend on his cooperation at Bob James' trial.

And still James fought. Now he tried to blame Hope, claiming that while he may have tried to poison her with rat-tails, the drunk had actually drowned the woman.

"I left," he pleaded; "Hope and my wife were alone together. If she drowned, he must have been responsible."

But nothing he could say, nothing he could alibi, was able to stand up against the dictaphone recordings, on which he had admitted boastfully to Mary's murder. On July 25th, he was found guilty and sentenced to hang.

Legal maneuvers delayed matters for six years. But finally, on May 1st, 1942, he was asked, pale and trembling, the thirteen steps to the scaffold. The trap was sprung a few minutes later. And that was the end of Bob James.

Murder may be fun; murder may be profitable. But unfortunately, Bob James forgot to arrange to pay for his party, ahead of time. But that's the way it goes. Some guys get everything. Bob certainly did—every last thing he had coming to him. The State of California saw to that.

**FURROW'S NOTE:** The name, Linda Warner, as used in the above story, is fictitious.

## John Jacobs' Search For His Lost \$10 Million

(Continued from page 29)

his head, his eyelids and other parts of his body. The pain was excruciating, but Jacobs remained silent except for the noisy hiss of his arduous breath at every new application of searing heat.

Frustrated to the point of near-madness, his captors embarked upon fresh tortures that would have evoked admiration from the Gestapo. The fiendish pair extracted many of Jacobs' teeth with a pair of pliers and then his fingernails. The prisoner blacked out repeatedly, but not once did he utter a word of what Holmes and Calhane wanted to hear.

"It's no use," gasped Calhane, laying aside the bloodstained pliers. "This bastard won't talk. He'll die first."

"He'll talk," grunted Holmes. "Cause if he don't I'm going to peel the hide off him!" Thrusting his smoldering finger under the nose of the semi-conscious man, he said, "You hear me, Jacobs? We'll be back in an hour and you'll tell us what we want to know or I'll skin you like I'd peel an orange!"

Left alone, Jacobs began to struggle with his bonds. Every movement sent a fresh wave of agony through his pain-racked body, but his mind remained clear. He had to escape; even his indomitable will could not withstand a resumption of the torture he had already undergone.

How he accomplished it, even Jacobs could not say, but he managed to free himself. Then, armed with a rusted iron poker he found in the shack, he stood inside the door awaiting the return of his torturers. Long minutes passed before he heard them rattle up and dismount. Flattening himself against the wall and tightening his grip on the bludgeon, Jacobs struggled to focus his half-blinded eyes and waited for them to enter.

Holmes came in first, while his partner remained to tether the horses. Holmes stared in speechless disbelief at the empty chair, but before he could react Jacobs' poker crushed his skull. A moment later Calhane entered and followed his partner in death.

For the first time during his hour-long ordeal, John Jacobs allowed himself to sob at the pain that racked his scrawny body. He tenderly bound his burned feet with straps torn from his victims' clothing and stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth to stanch the blood swelling from his toothless gums, then he made his way home.

Jacobs recovered, but it was tough-and-for-a-time. He never reported the abduction-mutilation to the authorities, although he most certainly would have been acquitted of the double-slaying on a self-defense plea.

A lesser man would have been cured for all time of treasure hunting by this experience, but not John Jacobs. A year later the determined man was again arrested for illegally entering Rhodesia. Reason? The same as before. The lost of Lobengula.

In prison while awaiting deportation, Jacobs was visited by a prospector named Andrew MacMurtagh. The latter knew all about Jacobs and offered to go into partnership with him for recovering the treasure. Jacobs promised to think it over.

But the Rhodesian government got wind of the affair from a prison guard. To foil any such partnership, the officials ordered MacMurtagh out of the territory and slapped Jacobs with a three-month jail sentence for making false declarations to the immigration officials. But, as previously, they offered him an out: lead them to the treasure. And also as before, the Boer answered with a toothless smile and a shake of his head. He served his ninety-day sentence and was deported to the Transvaal.

Hardly were Jacobs' feet back on South African soil before he was making plans to re-enter the land that had been declared "off limits" to him. Recovery of the treasure he had helped to bury had become his obsession.

Still determined to find and keep that for which he had suffered and sacrificed so much, Jacobs made his next try in 1923. Again, he defied Rhodesian authorities and crossed the border. Again he was apprehended, this time deep in the heart of Rhodesia and traveling alone.

"You can't win, you know," he was told. "You'll be picked up everytime."

"I can keep trying," the Boer replied defiantly.

Anxious as ever to get the word, officials made the prisoner the same old proposition and they received the same old answer. This time, Jacobs pulled a three-year sentence for falsifying an immigration form and being a prohibited immigrant. The prisoner didn't waver; he took the three years. He served all 36 months in a South African prison which then ranked among the world's worst penal institutions. Bental guards and scheming fellow-prisoners who knew about Jacobs and his Golden Secret made his stay there a living hell. He was released after three years and warned that if he ever tried to re-enter the country again he would get a seven-to-ten year sentence.

Jacobs resisted temptation for almost two years. He was now almost sixty

years old and no longer able to cope with the rigors of that wild country. But the lure of Lobengula's millions would give him no rest. He had to try again!

His previous attempts and failures had taught him one thing: if ever he was to succeed in his quest he would have to exercise more cunning than heretofore. Borrowing a few pounds, Jacobs purchased an old flat-bottomed boat far up on the Limpopo River where there was little or no likelihood of encountering a patrol. Despite age and enfeeblement, he poled his craft across the river alone, a feat which would have taxed a far younger man.

But the ill-luck that had plagued him for so many years was still working against John Jacobs. On the Rhodesian side of the river, the aged treasure hunter concealed his craft in a bush-fringed inlet and started inland on foot. It seemed though he had barely started his trek when a sound reached his ears that stiffened his body and brought a frustrated sob to his lips. Bloodhounds!

"How?" he moaned. "How could they have got onto me so soon?"

Jacobs had no way of knowing, but he was not the man the dogs were seeking. Within a mile of where he had landed, policemen and their dogs were beating the bush for an escaped murderer. Had Jacobs landed five miles farther upstream he would have been safe.

"No," he decided. "It can't be me they're after. Probably only a lion-hunting party." Filled with fresh hope, he clambered up a small knoll in an effort to confirm this new idea. It was his undoing. The dogs spotted him and the chase was on.

Knowing that capture this time would mean submitting to the government's demand or dying in prison, Jacobs fled. The Limpopo lay three quarters of a mile away; if he could reach it he stood a good chance of eluding his pursuers. Spurred on by the baying of the savage hounds now barely three hundred yards behind him, the 60-year-old man reeled headlong through the brush.

Headless of the thorny brush that tore at his clothing and lacerated his face and hands, Jacobs continued his mad flight. He stumbled over a danga and sprawled over loose rocks. For a few precious seconds he lay there, exhausted and panting in the torrid midday heat. Realization of the fate that awaited him, gave the old Boer the strength to drag his body upright again. If only he could reach the river!

He emerged from the bush and, with a burst of strength and speed of which his scrawny body appeared incapable, the elderly man sprinted across the two-hundred yard strip of open, semi-deserted land. Reaching a great bushy tree, he leaned against it for support, then grinned as he saw just beyond the sun-

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dappled water of the Limpopo.

A moment later, cautiously skirting a group of basking crocodiles, Jacobs was standing ankle-deep in the water. He traveled a half mile in this fashion until he reached a willow tree overhanging the river. Stretching his arms over his head, his bleeding hands closed on the thick tendrils. With a superhuman effort, he hauled himself into concealment amidst its thick, dark-green foliage.

The dogs were closer now. Determined not to be taken, Jacobs drew a pistol from his belt. He was still uncertain whether he would shoot it out or kill himself if capture appeared inevitable. But one thing he knew: he would not be taken alive!

He could see the dogs now. The long-eared sad-faced animals had reached the water's edge and sniffed along the bank in a fruitless quest for the man's spoor. Three police officers joined the animals and inspected the ground. The man-hunters dispersed and began to search the river bank while the dogs kept up their ceaseless baying.

From his hiding place, Jacobs saw a sinister leg-like form waddle across the mud and slither silently into the water. He cringed as the giant reptile eased its way inshore again, intent upon its pre-selected prey. An instant later the croc's long snout closed over the hind-quarters of an unwary dog. Reversing into deep water, the crocodile was dragging the screaming dog to a watery death when the officers opened fire. The .38 slugs ricocheted harmlessly off the saurian's armor plate and Jacobs watched the croc and its captive disappear into the water.

Half an hour later the lawmen and their surviving dogs gave up the search for Jacobs and withdrew from whence they had come. Jacobs waited another fifteen minutes before leaving his arched porch and resuming his flight. An hour's roundabout travel brought him to the spot where he had cached his boat and another hour later his feet were firmly planted on Transvaal soil where Rhodesian law could not touch him.

Jacobs returned to Johannesburg with the heart-sick realization that he had failed for the last time. That abortive attempt in August 1926 had been his last chance. Time, torture and imprisonment had taken their collective toll of his strength.

Broken in health and spirit, he admitted defeat. With this bitter acknowledgment, Jacobs lost the will to live. But there were his sons to consider. For 30 years the old Boer had confided his multi-million dollar secret to no one, but now he called his sons to his bedside and gave them a rough sketch he had made. It showed the route taken by Lebergula and himself and the spot where the treasure-laden safes had been

buried.

Jacobs told them the whole story, not excluding his wholesale execution of the 14-man burial party. "I've wasted 30 years of my life because of that treasure," he concluded, "and I urge you two to forget the whole thing, though I felt you should at least know about it."

But the map and the tale told by their father had inflamed the young men's imaginations. The old man recognized the unmistakable signs of gold fever and he sighed resignedly.

At his sons' eager request for additional information, Jacobs told them: "First, you go to the Buma inlet in the Limpopo River. Then march one sunrise toward the land of the Bechuanas where you will find a group of baobab trees. At sunrise, you must march toward the sun for two days. This will bring you to the Matopopo Hills of Southern Rhodesia. Here, you must look for a mimosa tree circled by stones. The treasure is buried beneath it."

Jacobs' voice had dropped to hardly more than a whisper and the two young men had to pull their chairs closer to the bedside to hear their father's words. "It was God's will," the old man mumbled, "that I should never get that treasure. Those men I poisoned—"

He began rambling then, apparently reliving that ghastly episode in which he had poisoned and speared the treasure diggers. "Ten million dollars or a hundred million," he muttered, "it wasn't worth what I've been through."

The old Boer closed his eyes and gave a final sigh. John Jacobs was dead.

With the unassailable confidence of youth, the two sons raised money for an expedition. It was the first of ten such that they made into Rhodesia without ever finding so much as a penny. The ill luck that had plagued their father now turned its unwelcome attentions to his offspring, and in 1931 both men were seized with tropical fever and died in hospital.

Even today, a few haphazard expeditions go forth and have a look for the elusive treasure, but they have had no more luck than their predecessors. The fabulous cache of gold and diamonds continues to defy all searchers and if it ever is found it will be sheer luck and nothing else. The circle of rocks that distinguished the arboreal treasure marker has probably long since been broken up and scattered. That makes it just another mimosa tree in a land where mimosa trees are as numerous as the hairs on a dog.

Your best chance of finding this lost loot of Lobengula would be to contact John Jacobs via ouija board and ask for more explicit directions. But if John Jacobs wouldn't "talk" in this world, it's an odds-on bet he won't talk from the spirit world, either! . . . THE END

## "War and Women Are the Only Things I Care About"

(Continued from page 23)

ler, rakehell and sexual athlete, possessed the mysterious, magic quality that inspired undying loyalty in men and made him irresistible to women. Men were willing to die for him. Women often threatened to kill themselves if they could not have him. Both would—and did—follow him blindly, wherever he led them.

Between 1854 and 1866, Sutton was the most powerful war-lord in all Latin America. An area larger than the State of California was his private preserve, his personal empire into which none dared intrude without permission.

The remarkable guerrilla commander's slashing cavalry attacks defeated entire armies and the horsemen, hard-riding, saber-wielding George Sutton at their head, swept all before them. The American adventurer could have become Mexico's king or dictator. To Mexico's oppressed, long-suffering millions he became a hero above all heroes, a liberator, a symbol of hope—almost a demigod.

Oddly enough, Sutton is practically unknown in the United States. Probably not one in a thousand Americans have ever heard his name, much less the story of how he hacked and blasted his way to power.

Born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1824, George Sutton proved to be a rough-and-tumble bell-ringer at an early age. His father was a well-to-do merchant who sent young George to the best eastern schools—where the boy got into one scrape after another. He was brought back home when he was 16. A year later, the youth found it expedient to run away. The reason was a girl—the daughter of his father's business partner. He'd gotten her pregnant and the thought of marriage terrified him.

George Sutton went to Savannah, found a sailing vessel bound for Europe and Africa, and signed on. He was a sailor for four years. When he returned to America in 1845, he learned that war between the United States and Mexico was imminent and he promptly enlisted in the 2nd Dragon Regiment, then the Army's most elite cavalry outfit.

Sutton fought in almost every battle in which the 2nd Dragoons participated in Mexico—from Palo Alto to Chapultepec. He was twice wounded and received several commendations for bravery under fire. He also managed to become involved with innumerable se-



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before and before—but this didn't prevent him from gaining a lieutenant's commission before the war ended.

The Kentuckian had found the life that suited him best, in the Army. He decided to stay on. Regimental records of the 2nd Dragoons show that Lieutenant—and later Captain—George Bradford Sutton served with distinction through the various Indian campaigns in which the unit was embroiled between 1849 and 1853.

Unfortunately, Captain Sutton's bent for bedroom antics led him to seduce one after another of his fellow-officers' wives and daughters. One such affair exploded into a lurid scandal and, in December, 1853, he was thrown out of the Army in disgrace—"dishonored for the good of the Service," was the official wording.

He was almost forty and totally unsuited for civilian life. He decided to go to Mexico. He'd learned Spanish during the war, and knew something about the country. He felt that he could somehow make a living there.

There were many opportunities for a soldier of fortune in Mexico during the 1850's. Cynical, corrupt, merciless General Santa Ana was the country's dictator—but every province, city and town had its own tyrant or warlord. The country was torn by savage internal strife as these men—each of whom had private armies they supported by taxing and ravaging the countryside—fought each other. Bloodshed, suffering and starvation were the lot of Mexico's common people.

George Sutton arrived in Guadalajara just after the provincial governors, the notorious Luz Macena, had lined 500 men, women and children against a barracks wall and shot them down, as "a lesson for the future." The American viewed the ruins of Calcas, a village that had been burned to the ground with all its inhabitants locked inside their houses, by order of General Francisco Dominguez, military Commandante of Durango Province.

The Kentuckian loved to fight. He had no qualms about killing soldiers in battle, but the murder of civilians sickened and horrified him. In Matatlan, he was forced into making a decision.

It was March, 1854. He was carousing in a cafe that doubled as a brothel. There was another man present—a Mexican—to whom Sutton paid no attention until some government troops entered and began beating and gun-whipping the man.

Sutton shoved the nude girl he'd been fondling off his lap and waded into the one-sided fight with a knife. In the ensuing melee, he killed two soldiers and cut up two others. The remainder kept a busy retreat.

"My name is Miguel Gihara," the

man he had helped introduced himself. "I'm very grateful for your assistance—but I think we'd better run for it..."

They fled to the hills—for the entire Matatlan garrison was soon searching for them. They went to a tiny village, where they became better acquainted and hatched a plan.

"Before I was thrown out of the Army for political reasons, I was a cavalry officer," Gihara revealed.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Sutton drawled in his Kentucky-accented Spanish. "I used to be a horse-soldier myself. What do you say that you and I team up and start a little army of our own to harass these bastards?"

The idea appealed to Gihara. Within a few days, the two men had "recruited" about 20 other fugitives, outlaws and renegades—and nearly as many female camp-followers. The men had few arms and less ammunition. Sutton worked out a plan to raid a small government arsenal outside Matatlan to correct the deficiencies.

The arsenal was poorly guarded by indifferent troops. The raiders split the sentries' throats and left with 35 mule-loads of weapons and ammunition.

"We've got guns enough now for 200 men," Sutton grinned. "Now we need more troops."

New recruits showed up almost immediately. Sutton weeded out those he saw would never make soldiers and started to train and drill the others. If they objected to his State-side views on discipline and hard work, the budding guerrilla general reasoned with them—using his iron fists as arguments.

Within three months, he had a fairly reliable, 230-man force—augmented by a large number of women who cooked, washed and otherwise serviced the men. No less than eight of them were Sutton's personal mistresses!

Leaving the women behind, the Kentuckian and Gihara led this band in several raids and night-attacks on arsenals, supply depots and warehouses. These lightning thrusts met with complete success. The renegades lost only a few men and obtained vast quantities of valuable booty.

"We need still more men," George Sutton told Gihara.

Miguel Gihara was a top-notch recruiting officer. Going to towns and villages that had been raped and plundered by warring generals and politicians, he returned with many volunteers.

Sutton's private army was growing by leaps and bounds. He had to conduct ever larger raids to keep his burgeoning forces supplied and equipped. By the end of 1854, he had 2,000 troops—all well-mounted on "liberated" horses and well-armed with similarly acquired weapons. He also had a huge female colony on his hands





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a bowl-shaped valley ringed by low hills.

"Buena" Sutton gasped. "Now Moreno starts paying..."

He moved his cavalry into the hills secretly, by night. Then, an hour before first light, he gave the order to attack.

It was more massacre than battle.

The 3,000 blood-hungry renegade cavaliers thundered out of the pre-dawn darkness and slammed into the sleeping camp from all sides.

Here and there, drowsy sentries managed to shout warnings or trigger a few forlorn shots. It was all in vain. They were quickly cut down by falling sabers or trampled beneath pounding hooves.

Sleepy officers stumbled from their tents—and were killed on the spot. Their men, entangled in the blankets or serapes under which they lay on the bare ground, were skewered and hacked to death. Pistols and muskets cracked, triumphant shouts mingled with agonized screams and, 30 minutes after the attack had begun, the battle was over!

Rising in his huge, 10-hand stallion before what had been the camp commander's tent, George Sutton swung down from his saddle, his bloody saber still in hand.

"Count the bodies, finish off the wounded and start gathering up the loot," he snapped to Miguel Gihara.

The Korteckian turned and started into the tent. The entrance was blocked by the speckled body of the badly wounded camp commander—a fat, greasy brigadier general.

Sutton shifted his saber into his left hand, drew his big Frontier Colt. He shoved the muzzle behind the brigadier's ear.

"Adios, amigo—you murdering bastard!" he snarled. And pulled the trigger. He walked into the tent and lit an oil lamp on a table.

He ransacked the tent for documents. Several minutes later, Gihara reported a count.

"So far, we've counted 856 dead. We may have missed a few," he said.

"How about wounded?"

"There aren't any more wounded."

"My men. How about our losses?"

"About 50 killed—as many wounded."

Sutton took a blank piece of paper, dipped the dead commander's quill pen in an inkpot and scrawled a message.

"To *Don Moreno*," he wrote. "You still owe me nearly 3,000 corpses. I shall collect them all..."

He laid the paper on the table and weighted it down with the ink-and-Two hours later, his troops and squadrons—and a big supply-train made up of captured pack-animals loaded with loot—burned, wheeled and moved off.





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During the next three weeks, *El Tigre's* force raided and swept across Moreno's backyard Sutton "collected" all the corpses he'd promised—and then some. He also amassed two large supply columns and several payroll convoys and a convoy of other from the Durango mines.

"A neat profit all around," he chuckled—and led his men back to his fortress city in the Sierra Madres.

His foes were cowed—at least for the time being. He remained in the mountains for months—content to enjoy the vast numbers of women who came to his stone-walled house in the valley.

A few newspapers were now referring to him as the "Guerrilla leader with 20,000 mistresses." Whenever such stories reached him, Sutton laughed.

"I'm not bashful," he drawled. "I know I'm good, but I'm not that good—but by God, I wish I was!"

It was inevitable that this wholesale lover of women eventually meet "the" woman—the One Woman.

She was Lola Gutierrez—a dark, passionate beauty of 21 who came to *El Tigre's* mountain lair in January, 1880, after he had fought a great pitched battle with government troops near Durango. She was the daughter of a Mexico City attorney who had been executed by General Santa Ana some years before.

George Sutton saw Lola Gutierrez, and fell madly in love with the gorgeous, brilliantly intelligent girl. Miguel Gihara, *El Tigre's* other aides and lieutenants and his men and women were astounded.

The transient occupants of the bedrooms in Sutton's house came and went no more. Now, only one bedroom was occupied—and that he shared only with Lola.

Those who knew Sutton and had ridden and fought alongside him for years thought it was a passing fancy—an infatuation that would soon be over. They looked on, peeped with disbelief when the liaison continued week after week.

It would have been bad enough had the affair been one-sided—but it wasn't Lola Gutierrez was as much in love with Sutton as he was with her. Whenever he rode out on raids, she rode at his side, two pistols strapped to her perfectly molded hips, extra bandoliers of ammunition crisscrossed over her lushly swelling breasts.

The man and woman were inseparable.

"*El Tigre* is really in love this time," his followers were finally forced to admit. "She suits him, too," they added grudgingly—for Lola was as brave as the best of them.

"She's the woman I dreamed about all my life," Sutton admitted one day to Miguel Gihara. "I didn't believe that anyone like her really existed, but the

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## HE ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES ON HIS ARMS — 4 INCHES ON HIS CHEST—IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO!

You, too—just like Dave Draper—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions this champ did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can begin to slip on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself big-shoulder shoulders, masculinize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your entire body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable.

I don't care if, today you own the skinniest, flabbiest or most laughed at body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send for my FREE 32-page booklet of muscle building information, I guarantee that you will experience a muscle building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles start bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life you will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you true instead of shame. Let me help you as I did other champions—who were also waitings—to put

an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for free information —you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-E-D-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man-Decision NOW! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to Dave Draper and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning waitings into "Mr. Americas" and "Mr. Universes" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time.

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Dear Joe: Shoot the world I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Teach me your free muscle building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the price I want to make. I'm enclosing \$20 to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
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Here's the kind of body I want (check as many as you wish).

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# STOP SMOKING FOREVER

Over and over again we hear that tobacco is the cause of 98% of all lung cancer cases. Recent studies show that one out of every four smokers is a potential victim of this dread disease. Yes, tobacco is the most deadly poison developed by our civilization. Aside from lung cancer, cigarettes are the cause of other extremely serious diseases.

Tobacco smoke (a compound of 44 substances, 5 of which are carcinogenic cancer-causing) and 30 or more poisons... Every time you draw on a cigarette, paper or pipe, you are exposed to at least 40 different chemicals and poisons. 23 among the most deadly are: tar, nicotine, carbon monoxide, formaldehyde, acetaldehyde, acrolein, cadmium, vinyl, arsenic, formaldehyde, benzopyrene, methyl alcohol, gamma and beta, ammonia, methanol, carbon monoxide, pyridine. Quite a handful of deadly poisons for just one puff of smoke!

In a recent survey conducted by a leading American Doctor the prevalence of coronary diseases (atherosclerosis, angina pectoris, etc.) has been found to be 40% higher in smokers than in non smokers.

So, if you want to stay healthy, you've got to stop smoking. But, be careful! Don't stop smoking all at once. That could be dangerous.

Now, where's that advice coming from? Some cigarette or pipe tobacco advocates trying to make the best of a bad situation? Or smoke not!

This is the advice of the Anti-Tobacco Center of America, an organization designed especially to help you rid yourself of your addiction to tobacco.

## OBESITY LURKS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Well, our experience has shown that a "confirmed" or "heavy" smoker should not stop smoking all at once, as this will seriously endanger his health and will bring...

For years your body has been accustomed to the regular daily intake of toxic substances such as nicotine, tar, etc., and for now it is important to limit reduction. Cutting tobacco use overnight will result in a shock to your physiological system accompanied nearly always by psychic disturbances. Which results in an imbalance of the sympathetic nervous system.

The digestive system becomes disturbed, the central nervous system becomes agitated, you become "fed-up" and you can't be bothered by friends, spouse, children, etc., as the least little irritation will make you fly off the handle.

Life becomes hell for you and everybody around you.

But, that's not all, it has been scientifically proven that anyone who attempts to stop smoking by sheer will power alone, will suffer terrible feelings of frustration.

## A VICE THAT CAN KILL

In order to compensate, he begins to eat and eat and eat. This is why so many former smokers put on so much weight and become fat. Smoking smoking will cause you to gain the most of many serious cases of obesity.

So, giving up smoking, by yourself, is not the real solution, as it might endanger your health.

Then, how should you stop smoking? Well, that's what the Anti-Tobacco Center of America is going to teach you.

Just stop and read the program below to receive full information on a program which will help to rid you of your need to smoke. You'll be amazed to learn that you can stop smoking without any danger and without sweating your will power, after only a few days the desire to smoke will vanish.

Just think how much happier you will be!

This is the experience of an ex-smoker we all know: MAURICE CHEVALIERE. "I was stuck in a vice which had left life as meaningless as hell. I was physically dominated by a monster of cigarettes, which led to a growing irritation of bronchitis, succeeded in ruining my career. I stopped smoking twelve years ago. (Chevaliere wrote this in 1962) And it is now this fortunate decision that my mental activities, my intelligence, my memory developed as much, that I — who had lost all interest in life — could escape that growing emptiness and deliver myself in which happened around me. I was able again to read and — remember what I had read!"

Among the 28,685 former smokers helped by the Anti-Tobacco Center, we give you the testimony of some doctors. We have chosen this professor intentionally, because doctors know the harm that tobacco causes. They are able to appreciate the results of our program.



There is just chance in 4 that a heavy smoker may be mistaken one day for lung cancer.

## IF YOU STOP SMOKING YOU WILL:

- Enjoy your food better
- Sleep better
- Gain weight
- Enrich the smiles of others
- Be in good humor
- Keep your good spirits
- Remove pain
- Have a good memory
- Get back your muscle tone
- Grow less excited
- Have clear breath
- Grow old less quickly
- Find a revival of your vitality
- Save money

## WHAT DOCTORS SAY!

Dr. A. C. "The efficacy of your product surprised everybody. I stopped smoking in ten days exactly. Thank you sincerely."

Dr. J. W. "I have used a supply of your product... I was informed of its composition by a friend, Dr. C., who was, truthfully speaking, rather sceptical. But after having used it, I do not smoke any longer and have no fears whatsoever to start again. The result is absolutely clear, without a shadow of a doubt, and I feel it my duty to tell you so."

Dr. E. C. "Since January 20, 1962, I no longer smoke. I have already given the "tip" to several of my friends and patients."

Dr. F. G. "I am happy that I do not smoke any more. This of course being due to the use of your product. All my thanks."

Dr. R. B. "The result was rapid. I think that anybody who wishes to stop smoking can do so."

(Some European law forbids all publicity for doctors. We can only publish their initials.)

ANTI-TOBACCO CENTER OF AMERICA 276 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

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# I'd like to give this to my fellow men... while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my

summer home, my Cadillac, my winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one single secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the fate that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things, of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is rubbish! And anyone who tries to tell you that you can shake your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be earned! I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

## I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that chiefly in something that no paid man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man when the world respected who did not sacrifice something to

gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I am not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

## A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows." It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever get its whole tentacles in it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on as little investment as small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own." It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depression, or economic reverses.

## Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and

ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest \$15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested, I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesman. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be successful. After that, you make the decision.

## Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain. If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb: And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON

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The handiest tool you've ever used. For those hard-to-get-at places. Complete with right, left, and rigid ratchet.

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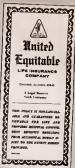
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4. WITH OUR POLICY no matter how or where accidents happen... indoors, outdoors, at work, in the home, at play, while traveling—anywhere in the world... you are protected with this policy.
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<p>Dear Sirs: Please put in force the Special Form 410 policy. Enclosed is 25¢ to cover payment for a 30 day Introductory Period.</p>			
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BIRTH DATE _____		HEIGHT _____	WEIGHT _____ SEX _____
Are you now free from mental and physical impairments or illness to the best of your knowledge and belief. Yes. <input type="checkbox"/> No. <input type="checkbox"/> If NO explain _____			
I understand that this application is subject to receipt and acceptance at the Company's Home Office.			
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